Liberty

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AUG 2 · 1941

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WHAT VITAMIN B *can do for you*

There's no Gin like Gordon's!

All gins are not alike—and Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That means richer flavor, velvety smoothness—drinks that never taste thin. Naturally, Gordon's costs a little more—but you get so much more enjoyment!

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain • Copyright 1941, Gordon's Dry Gin Company, Ltd., Linden, New Jersey

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

Gordon's Gin

I had what it takes... but couldn't find a taker!

I'VE GOT THE TRAINING, THE EXPERIENCE. WHY CAN'T YOUR BOSS GIVE ME THE JOB?
HE'S IMPRESSED —BUT YOU'VE GOT ONE BAD FAULT. YOU WON'T LIKE HEARING WHAT IT IS.

J.B. IS A 'BUG' ON BREATH—IF IT'S OFF COLOR, HE'S OFF YOU. HERE'S HIS STANDBY—LISTERINE! MAYBE IT SHOULD BE YOURS.
THANKS, MISS WHITE I'LL TAKE THE HINT!

Want others to like you?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep the breath sweeter, purer—*the Listerine Antiseptic way!*

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. *Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes.* That's why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine Antiseptic, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic—it pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Let LISTERINE look after your breath!

If you are bothered day or night
With bugs that buzz or drone or bite,
Just get your gun of Bug-a-boo
And spray them down until they're through.

You'll find that Bug-a-boo's a spray
That ends all pests the easy way.
It's nice to use—won't spot or stain,
A pine-like fragrance will remain.

THE SUPER INSECT SPRAY
Bug-a-boo far exceeds minimum requirements of U. S. Dept. of Commerce for an AA grade insect spray.
Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, ants and many other household insects
BUY AT LEADING STORES AND MOBILOIL DEALERS

OTHER BUG-A-BOO PRODUCTS

Bug-a-boo Moth Crystals—Pleasantly pine-scented. Hung in the closet, they give off a vapor which kills moth worms that damage clothes. Sold in 1-lb. metal vaporizers, also 3-lb. and 5-lb. cans with free bag vaporizers.

Bug-a-boo Garden Spray—Kills or controls practically all troublesome insects on flowers and shrubs. Highly concentrated, 4 ounces make 12 to 18 gals. of effective spray. Will not clog sprayer.

KILLS FLIES · MOSQUITOES
ANTS · ROACHES · MOTHS

VOX POP

WORLD'S ACE ENEMY OF WAR WILL END CONQUEST

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Fifty words could stop war:

"The first regiments to report for action at the front in any war hereafter shall be composed of the rulers, diplomatic corps, government officials, and national assemblies of the *aggressor nations* initiating said war."

If enforced, such an agreement among the strongest nations, with a few drawing-the-line clauses, would stop most modern conflicts before they started.

Absurd?

No more absurd than most wars themselves. When an individual—or a corporation—wants something, he usually buys it. When a nation's leaders cast covetous eyes on some one else's property, they still figure it is fair to steal it by force—some one else's force.

Before civilization struggled slowly into the scene, tribes followed their leaders into battle. Now the leaders lead from the rear—back in their homes and government buildings where there's no war at all. The righteous makers of war sleep in white beds and dine about as usual with their families and read about their war in dispatches and the morning papers. They suffer terribly, these leaders, with the fate of their country on their shoulders. They slave day and night prosecuting their war—in swivel chairs surrounded by secretaries.

War is this:

You and I are dictators or chief diplomats of our nations. We cannot agree. We do not have the intelligence, or the real desire, to figure out any other method of settlement, so Tom Jones and Pierre Schultz are ordered to go out and shoot each other. We are aided and abetted by our other "leaders," by our government officials, assemblies, military men. Jones and Schultz are multiplied by the masses of others just like them, who usually don't know just why they are slaughtering each other, but it is taken for granted that they will do so. The Top quarrels; the Bottom does their fighting.

Of course the Top will never enact the simple law suggested. They will declare, "We will fight!" But *they* never fight. They figure they are too valuable to get into the danger of their own making. They must stay behind and push the masses into the chasm created by the Top's aggressiveness or pride or its lack of civilization.

Therefore, if the aggressors themselves will not fight their own actual battles, probably an equally effective method of stopping any war they might declare would be to *bring the battles to them.*

And now comes over the horizon of time a new and amazing instrument for this purpose. The airplane can and will take the battle straight home to those who started it.

For the first time in "civilization's" short life, nations now have instruments of the air in quantities sufficient to carry a conflict to practically any desired points. One of those points would surely be the seat of the opposing government, the home haven of the creators of war, of the leaders who lead from the rear. Capital cities are too big to hide, too open to the air to successfully defend from above. Ask those few who really know.

Leaders have not as yet fully grasped either the practical possibilities of the airplane in time of peace or its terrific efficiency as a destructive force.

It is the world's ace enemy of war.—*Lyman Thompson.*

ARKANSAS SPEED

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—So far as I know, the following is quite original:

I waited at the end of the furrow to ask directions of a one-horse farmer who plowed his patch in a remote section of Arkansas. He and the horse moved so slowly that they appeared to be standing still. Observing my presence, the farmer lashed the old swayback with his one rein and yelled, "Giddap, dammit! I nearly give out standin' on one foot so long."—*Lawrence Downs, M. D.*

SHAW'S LOGIC

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Why do you give space to George Bernard Shaw to spew his venom across the Atlantic? I have never read anything of his in any magazine that did not reek with venom in a clumsy effort to be smart and funny. His contributions are utterly lacking in logic. —*Edward Godfrey.*

[Mr. Shaw in Liberty (June 21) urged England and Russia to unite against Hitler. This alliance is now an accomplished fact.—VOX POP ED.]

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DEFER ALL 28ERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—About the legislation to defer men past twenty-eight, it isn't right to exempt only those who are not yet drafted. If there is to be a blanket deferment, then, for fairness' sake, defer *all men of this age bracket, including those already inducted.*—*E. Peterson.*

DILETTANTE GENERAL?

DUNEDIN, FLA.—Before abusing Churchill for everything, it would be well for Edward Price Bell (May 31 Vox Pop) to wait until we see what he can do with "final authority in his hands." He has never yet had it. If the dilettante swimming, golfing, cocktail-partying, poetry-reading Wavell has made a mess of the Near East campaign, it is not Churchill's fault that England has no generals who will work at the business of making war twenty-four hours a day, as all German generals do.—*John G. Hanna.*

"You can't have it back until you pay for breaking my window!"

DR. STRASSER'S ROLE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—President Roosevelt himself should receive Dr. Otto Strasser, head of the Free German movement, and have him speak to the nation through our Congress or over the radio. The Nazi-minded German-Americans and other Americans have their Lindbergh to rally to; but the German-American Nazi foes are bewildered, uncertain, torn in their emotions, because it is not clear to them that in opposing and fighting Hitler they would liberate Germany and the rest of Europe from the worst gangster system the world ever endured.—*Eric Vossmeyer.*

WHY TELL NOW?

NEW YORK—Add to mistaken impressions. The Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4, 1776. It was not actually signed by the members of Congress until August 2, 1776, and certain members who were absent then signed even later.—*J. E. D.*

(*Continued on page 6*)

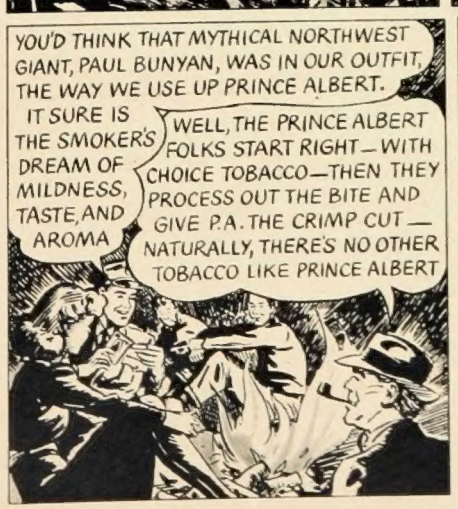
WONDERS OF AMERICA
Famous Lake in a Lake

IN MINNESOTA
THIS IS RED LAKE— THE LARGEST BODY OF FRESH WATER WITHIN ONE STATE
I GUESS THERE'LL BE ROOM FOR ME THEN
THERE WON'T BE IF YOU DON'T PASS BACK THAT PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO

THE SOURCE OF THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI RIVER ISN'T FAR FROM HERE— AND OVER A BIT IS A FAMOUS LAKE THAT HAS A LAKE INSIDE IT!
HA! HA! SOMETHING LIKE THAT FISH INSIDE THE WORM, EH?
LISTEN TO HIM —HE'S THE ONE WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE PRINCE ALBERT COULD SMOKE SO COOL UNTIL HE TRIED IT!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED **86 DEGREES COOLER** THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

LATER
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE FAMOUS LAKE IN A LAKE. THE INSIDE ONE IS LAKE WINDIGO ON STAR ISLAND, RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF CASS LAKE!


YOU'D THINK THAT MYTHICAL NORTHWEST GIANT, PAUL BUNYAN, WAS IN OUR OUTFIT, THE WAY WE USE UP PRINCE ALBERT.
IT SURE IS THE SMOKER'S DREAM OF MILDNESS, TASTE, AND AROMA
WELL, THE PRINCE ALBERT FOLKS START RIGHT— WITH CHOICE TOBACCO—THEN THEY PROCESS OUT THE BITE AND GIVE P.A. THE CRIMP CUT— NATURALLY, THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC. L.
803 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

BRIDE'S DILEMMA

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Can you tie this? The Rochester Gas and Electric Corp. sent out an electrician on a hurry call to help an excited young bride to cope with her new refrigerator, which, she complained, was "freezing ice cubes much too fast."

At her house the electrician found ice cubes piled high in the sink and filling all sorts of pans and dishes all over the kitchen.

"I thought," explained the bride, "that you had to take them out as soon as they froze."—*Mary Harmon.*

NOT TAXI DRIVERS

SEABROOK, MD.—Dr. Hutchins' college story (June 14 Liberty) will make millions think. Boys who work their way through college and study—while their companions are swallowing goldfish, spending mother's money in a night club, or making fools of themselves—are never found driving a taxi in after years.—*John Riggles.*

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THEY MET IN BOMBAY

In the very first shot you see Clark Gable cutting himself a slice of bologna. After that the author takes over the slicing. In other words, the yarn is completely unbelievable—but the personalities of Gable and Rosalind Russell give it a false appeal and interest.

They both play crooks—battling each other—hot upon stealing a fabulously valuable diamond pendant, the Star of Asia, belonging to the rich old Duchess of Beltravers. The scene is Bombay, India. Rosalind, posing as a countess, gets the bauble first; but Clark, masquerading as a Lloyds' detective, forces her to give up. Then the police take after them both—and they escape across the China Sea on a tramp steamer to Hong Kong. Meanwhile the crooks fall in love. Clark springs a new masquerade. He's now a British army lieutenant, fools the authorities, gets command of an expedition into the interior, distinguishes himself in a clash with the Japs, wins the Victoria Cross and, of course, discovers that honesty is the best policy.

The first half of the comedy-melodrama has speed, color, and humor. The rest goes plain unbelievable. The British, poor simple dears, are pictured as pretty gullible, what with accepting Gable offhand as a jewel detective and later as an army officer. Still, I like Miss Russell as a Lady Raffles. Clark is a little too suave and sure of himself as a nice Canadian gone wrong. Peter Lorre steals a real hit as a cutthroat skipper of the tramp steamer.

Actually, the best performances are Lorre's sinister Captain Chang and the hairdress—called an Arabic drape—that Miss Russell wears when she first swanks into the Bombay hotel.

The studio hunted all around for an authentic plane such as is in service in India, discovered that they were manufactured almost next door, at the Douglas plant. Lorre lost twenty pounds for his role. He can alter himself at will with a special, secret diet. This is Director Clarence Brown's seventh Gable film. Since he started in 1919 Brown has directed more stars than any one in all Hollywood.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ MOON OVER MIAMI

By this time the California Chamber of Commerce, I suspect, is seeking out the author and the director to have them shot at dawn. This glorification of Florida is treason, no less, out where the films begin. But it is a decorative, if tenuous, romance set to music and filmed in technicolor. The story is of a

"How dare you whistle at me! What do you want?"

fortune-hunting threesome from Texas —two sisters and an eccentric aunt— who get a $4,000 inheritance and decide to invest it on a visit to a swank Florida hotel, thereby hoping to snare a real fortune. One sister poses as an heiress, the other as her secretary, the aunt as her maid. They get results and action in no time.

Betty Grable is the pseudo-heiress, Carole Landis is the sister-secretary, Charlotte Greenwood the eccentric aunt. Carole, even *sans* sweater, is

"Sarge, you'll die laughing when I tell you what happened."

personable, the musical numbers are pleasant, the Florida backgrounds have a picturesque, tropical appeal. And Betty Grable does a neat conga.

Much of this was shot in California, but a special studio unit spent two months in Florida getting atmosphere and the breath-taking puddle-jumping in little outboard motorboats. That was done at Cypress Garden, Winterhaven, Florida.

If you must know, Betty Grable is one of the chief idols of draftees. Eighteen thousand requests for autographed pictures received at the studio in four months!

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST

This, folks, is *not* a film for sophisticates. One or two of 'em, critics sitting in at the Manhattan preview, walked out on the picture. Your Bev Hills, who isn't, heaven help us, sat it through, was moved and touched several times, being a sap for children —and this is alive with them. And all filmed neatly in technicolor.

Blossoms in the Dust is the story of a real woman, still alive. Her name is Mrs. Edna Gladney, she lives in Fort Worth, and she founded the Texas Children's Home and Aid Society. In thirty years of child-welfare work she has found homes for thousands of babies. Perhaps even more important was her bitterly fought but successful battle to get the word "illegitimate" stricken from the state's birth records. That stigma, in later

(Continued on page 58)

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Here come *life lines* of national defense

Additional telephone lines speed defense everywhere.

Army camps must have plenty of telephone lines.

On ship and shore the Navy relies on telephone lines.

Industry requires, and obtains, more telephone lines.

Telephone lines are life lines. They carry the communications so vital to our expanding defense program.

The photograph shows wires being made into a telephone cable. Such cable—containing billions of feet of this wire—is being rushed by Western Electric to meet the urgent telephone needs of the armed forces and of industry.

So too, in vastly increased quantities, are being sped telephones and switchboards—and radio apparatus for the air forces and the Signal Corps.

The efficiency of Bell Telephone service is more than ever essential to government and business, and now as always Western Electric can be counted on to supply the life lines.

Western Electric ***. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service***

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

AUGUST 2, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 31

A REPRIMAND FOR MR. ICKES

☆ MR. HAROLD L. ICKES, gifted smearman of the New Deal, recently made an all-out attack on Mr. Charles A. Lindbergh. He denounced the former colonel as a "Hitler stooge" and, in the course of his remarks, quoted indirectly from the recent articles in Liberty by Mr. Frederick L. Collins.

Liberty Magazine herewith categorically disavows any connection with, or sympathy for, these remarks of the Secretary of the Interior. It is our considered opinion that the words he used were unwarranted and that the accusations he made against Mr. Lindbergh's patriotism were untrue.

Liberty Magazine is wholly out of sympathy with the position Lindbergh has taken. It considers him a badly mistaken man. But it believes that the sanguinary, avenging invective of Mr. Ickes only helps Lindbergh and hurts the cause in which we believe heart and soul.

"He and his crowd," Mr. Ickes said of Mr. Lindbergh, "make no pretense to being pacifists. These spurious nonresistants, these Nazi wolves in pacifists' clothing, are trying to persuade us that a peace dictated by Hitler would not be merely a truce to give time to the Nazis to organize the resources of Europe, Asia, and Africa, preparatory to striking at free America after our soil has been carefully cultivated for the dragon teeth of totalitarianism by the Lindberghians."

Recent magazine articles by a responsible journalist, Mr. Ickes went on, "etch out the real Lindbergh as he has always been—cold, calculating, and ruthlessly ambitious. So far as is known, Lindbergh has not carried with him, into his highly prosperous present, any friend of his childhood.

"If Lindbergh is for Hitler now, as every act and word of his seem to indicate," he added, "it is because, through an understanding with Hitler, or as an expected favor from him, he glimpses a political future which a free people would not accord him voluntarily. Thus it was with Quisling, who betrayed Norway to Hitler, and with Laval, who is doing the same thing to France."

Later in his address Secretary Ickes asserted:

"As Hitler's designs upon America are becoming clearer, so is the role that Lindbergh has cast for himself. The understanding between the dictator who bestowed the medal and him upon whose breast it was pinned is not accidental."

Mr. Collins is, indeed, a responsible journalist and he wrote his articles, analyzing Lindbergh, with detachment and restraint. Neither Mr. Collins nor the editors of Liberty consider Mr. Lindbergh anything less than a patriot, although we disagree with his premises and conclusions.

As for Mr. Ickes, we think he should stop making speeches during these trying times. In calmer days, his fishwife rhetoric bestirred the current scene and occasionally gave it an amusing flavor. But in these dangerous days, the interests of the United States of America would be better served if Mr. Ickes went into the silence, forsaking the pleasure of his own voice and taking the pledge against hogwash and bilge water.

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READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

British War Aims *and* What They Mean

☆ BRITAIN'S first official pronouncement on war aims was delivered, not in response to demands in the Congress of the United States for some explanation of what obligations this country was assuming, but in an endorsement, spoken by Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, of President Roosevelt's message to the world on May 27.

The British ambition was declared identical with Roosevelt's "four points" as enumerated by the President last January, before the Lend-Lease Bill was framed: "Freedom of speech—freedom of religion—freedom from want—freedom from fear, everywhere in the world."

While it certainly is not as exact as Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points, the Roosevelt program for peace is above argument. If it was to the British government's liking at the end of May, one wonders why Mr. Eden did not endorse it when it was uttered in January, with the accompanying pledges for "social security . . . abroad no less than at home" and "the establishment of an international economic system capable of . . . actual plenty and maintaining the whole population in continuous fruitful activity."

For the British and their allies have had a much more definite program. I have discussed it with representatives of their governments. It included Mr. Eden's assurance that "under a system of free economic co-operation Germany must play a part," but omitted his oratorical assertion that "our political and military terms of peace will be designed to prevent repetition of Germany's misdeeds." In fact, there was more than a hint of recognition that the bloody crimes of Hitlerism are the evil fruit of past misdeeds in which the Powers now arrayed against the Nazis shared.

Because anything written about the European belligerents immediately suggests propaganda one way or another, let it be said for the record that this article is an objectively written report, without press-agentry. These are the opinions of responsible men, including the British Ambassador to the United States, Viscount Halifax; the Minister to the United States in Charge of Economic Warfare, Mr. Noel Hall; Sir Josiah Wedgwood, M. P.; and General Wladislas Sikorski, Premier of the exiled Polish government. Additional information was obtained from other sources expressing other British and Polish opinion and the beliefs of Canadians, Czechs, Australians, and Yugoslavs who, for one reason or another, may not be identified. On all main points these opinions coincide. The Allied program for postwar Europe was shaped and, to some small extent, was actually in operation at the very time German parachute troops were raining down upon Crete and the airfields of Syria were surrendered to Hitler by France.

There was nothing shameful about the war aims the British government refused to discuss, and nothing falsely idealistic about them. Destruction and dismemberment of Germany did not figure. "There will not be another Versailles Treaty," I was told with emphasis. "The plans—or hopes—are for an *economic* association of nations, and recognize the failure of the League of Nations to have been caused by a futile attempt at a *political* association."

That word "economic" will crop up frequently in this report. What it means, in the everyday terms of a nation as well as an individual, is all that pertains to the opportunity and ability to earn a living and have a little left over. Secretary of State Cordell Hull summed up the Allied peace aims in effect when he announced his formula on May 18 to be "nondiscrimination in international commercial relations . . . raw material supplies available to all . . . international agreements regulating the supply of commodities . . . international finance to aid essential enterprises and continuous development of all countries."

Noel Hall, who used to be a university professor before he took command of the effort to starve the Axis, stated his government's aim to be "the eradication of focal points of economic disturbances."

Lord Halifax declared it to be "a system of economic collaboration, in place of conflict, between free peoples" requiring an "ordered change in the relationship between states which will restore confidence in the integrity of the world of nations." He added that "if this new world order is to be built, the British Commonwealth must join with the United States to build it."

These formally phrased statements conceal, rather than reveal, an exact understanding of the basic causes of the war, complicated though the causes may have been by the essential militarism of the German people.

The Nazis, too, have "the eradication of economic disturbances" as their war

aim, of course. Their plan is the more complicated because it requires destruction of the so-called capitalistic system and of competitive free enterprise right down to the corner shop. If the Nazis' war aims were not complicated with such abhorrent or ludicrous elements as racial and religious bigotry and the assumption of their own physical and intellectual superiority, they would not be too far from what the Allies had in mind and even fumblingly proffered to Hitler before the Nazi invasion of Poland. The Führer thought it was just some more appeasement frightened out of a decadent bunch of bankers, and decided he would take everything instead of accepting less. Besides, his military men wanted war, having the world's greatest military machine already in gear and the shame of November 11, 1918, to wipe out.

From no Briton, however, nor indeed from the agent or the spokesman of any other country fighting the Nazis, have I heard any assertion that Germany must be crushed, wiped out, imprisoned in Europe, or dismembered.

In fact, the most plainly stated and coherent description of war aims—and postwar aims—was given by General Sikorski, the Polish Premier, during his visit to Washington a few weeks ago.

Europe, he said, must put aside its nationalistic jealousies and forget about exact political boundaries; it must reconstitute itself *economically*.

There's that word again!

To that end, the—temporarily—homeless governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia have already drawn up a working agreement, the Premier said. The plan is functioning as a war effort so well that it holds great promise for expansion when peace comes. It is, in essence, an economic union, a partnership such as any two persons might form to run a business while leading their private lives each as he wished. Fundamentally it is a customs union, the *Zollverein* through which the once-warring German states found unity between 1818 and 1871. Another phrase to describe it would be limited free trade. Poland, for instance, is largely a producer of raw materials and Czechoslovakia is heavily industrialized. There is no reason why Poles cannot be Poles and Czechs be Czechs, Premier Sikorski says, and yet each freely supply the other with their needs. Such a union would presuppose a mutually exchangeable currency, if not a joint one.

Lithuania and Yugoslavia, Sikorski said, have expressed interest in joining such a partnership, each having something special to contribute.

"It would be," he said, "an association something like the British Commonwealth of Nations, and yet more like the Union of the American states. Each co-operating nation would retain its own identity, even as Canadians are Canadians and Australians are Australians while existing within the framework of the British Empire. Each would have its own government, foster its own culture. But goods and persons could travel as freely within the boundaries of the union of nations as they travel from one of your American farm states or industrial states to another."

"Are you suggesting a United States of Europe?"

The Premier said he was not. He thought it was an ideal which might be achieved by evolution but which could not be set up ready-made like the League of Nations and be expected to work any better. Instead, he said,

(Continued on page 48)

Poland 600,000 families
ave been dispossessed so
patriated Germans could
ave their farms and shops.

BY WALTER KARIG

Here at last is an illuminating picture of what Hitler's enemies propose for the world if they win

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY ROY HILLIGOSS

☆ WE were in our dressing room, getting ready for the eight-thirty show, when Eddie said, "I guess I'd better talk to you about it now, April."

The words weren't anything, and he said them casually, the way he says everything. But my eyebrow pencil went slithering clear back to my ear. For some reason I thought of that day on the lake, during our honeymoon, when we watched the storm sneak into sight way down at one end and then gather momentum and . . . But that was silly!

"About what, darling?" I asked, rubbing at that eyebrow extension I'd made.

"Look, lady . . ." He began pacing up and down, one of his long-fingered piano hands in his pocket, the other worrying his hair. Making a few hundred a week with those hands hadn't done much to him. Even the dressier clothes were my idea. "Remember when it all started for you and me?"

"Mmm!" I murmured.

He grinned. "I'm serious. Remember I said that having you just for me would change me—make me settle down, stay put? Well, I want to let you down a little. I want us to move on from New York—take a spot in Boston."

There went that eyebrow pencil again! "Boston? But, Eddie," I said, "we've got a good job here at the Colonie."

"We won't be working for beans in Boston either," he said. "It's a new night club, the Portal, and they've made us an offer. Two hundred more. First thing you know, we can take that New England cottage and start writing my music. Anyway"—he was blushing now—"there's a little of the local-boy-makes-good angle to this. I was born in Boston, you know. I'd sort of like to go back and live there awhile."

"As a success," I said.

He shook his head. "As the lucky guy who landed you, lady."

So what could I say to the big glamourpuss after that?

"All right," I said weakly. "But what'll George say?"

"He says good luck." It was George—George Browne, the Colonie's owner—his round beaming face just inside the door. He came on in and put his arms about us. "I heard, kids, and I don't blame you. This club of mine was selling about three cases of beer a week; now the champagne empties look like a glass version of the pyramids. And I know where the credit goes."

I knew where it went too. I'd been singing at the Colonie a long time without hearing any corks pop around those empty tables. But it only took

Eddie's lips twitched. When I took his arm I felt muscle rippling toward trouble.

Heartache and happiness . . A vivid tale of two lovers you've met before

You're at My Fingertips

about ten minutes of Eddie's piano to start the carriage trade phoning four nights ahead for reservations. And no wonder . . . I know darned well what that music did to *me*.

"So take a fling at it," George said. "If I can't go it without you, don't worry—I'll send a wire on red-hot paper! And listen. If you can't get anywhere with those New Englanders, come on back. They don't fall all over your neck up in cod's country, y'know."

After George had left, Eddie gave me one of those anxious little-boy looks. "So everything's O. K.?"

I nodded. "But I was worried for awhile. Thought maybe you were doing a walkout."

"Listen, priceless." Eddie put his hands lightly on my shoulders. "You're just like this to me—right at my fingertips. So light, so lovely, so elusive I'm scared to death you'll float right out of my life any minute."

"Oh, Eddie . . ." Then I sniffed. "Do I *have* to stay way out here?"

He grinned and pulled me close. And it was sweet. Sweeter maybe than even the first kiss I'd ever known from him—perhaps because I was still a little worried, and worry does something to every moment. Bittersweet.

Because there was still Janet Stuart.

I know Eddie had read the letter to me, laughed about it. "Haven't seen her in years," he'd said. "Can't even remember her maiden name. She's married to some stuffy guy and lives on Beacon Hill and never gets off it, I suppose. Now she hears I'm having a lucky streak in a night club and thinks I'm romance material." He dropped the letter in the wastebasket like an old razor blade.

But somehow I couldn't take it that easy inside. All brides are like that, I guess. You can hear about the Annes and Ruths and Janets, and smile very smugly about it, and then one of them pops suddenly out of the past and you're frightened. And Beacon Hill meant Boston, and Eddie had this yen to go there and . . .

I practically forced myself out of his arms. "Time for the act, darling. Let's make this week a swell finish."

Eddie kissed me quickly again. "Sing like you did the first night I ever listened, and they'll be trooping back for months just to hear the echo."

I did all right that night, but it wasn't that I was good; it was just that my mood fitted my numbers. Silly, I guess, getting indigo over leaving a night club. But I'd stuck there with George when every payday meant another mortgage on the club. George was the kind you stuck with no matter what chances you had for better jobs. And when business at the Colonie had skyrocketed, it had been like seeing my own little ship come in. And of course it *had* come in—not because of the extra money I started to make but because of Eddie.

I'll always remember the beginning of it—every detail. His wandering in the Colonie one night, looking like a kid who hadn't had a meal or a dime for weeks, and saying, "Lady, can you spare a piano?" * He'd sat up there in the spotlight, drawing things out of the big white piano, wonderful things . . . memories and heartbreak, dreams of moments that might have been and hopes of moments yet to be. . . . And I'd known and George had known what Eddie and his music could mean to the Colonie. It had meant so much, when we'd got him to stay, that now he could leave

(Continued on page 43)

* In I Saw You Singing, March 15 Liberty. Remember?

Camp Morale—What Goes On?

At many camps soldiers must walk miles for any sort of entertainment.

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Time on their hands!—The plain facts about a problem of America's defense

☆ IT was late Saturday afternoon, in the center of the Negro section of Phoenix City, Alabama. The shack itself was sagging, unpainted, and in all respects dismal. But soldiers lounged toward its door and wandered in—soldiers from Fort Benning, a few miles away, across the Georgia line. Once inside the shadowy interior, they leaned on a makeshift bar and smoked cigarettes and drank beer. There were two white men to serve them. One carried a long hunting knife in a holster at his hip. And the other, making a point in some desultory yarn, pulled a revolver from beneath the bar.

He flipped open the chamber. "Sure," he drawled, "I always keep her loaded."

Through an open doorway the back room was visible. Three or four young white girls sat around a table. They were pitiful-looking creatures, bedraggled and unkempt.

Presently one of the soldiers drifted out as aimlessly as he had drifted in, and I followed him and asked, "How do you like that joint?"

He made a face as if something tasted bitter. "It's a rathole," he said. He was from Suffolk County, New York.

"There must be some attraction."

"Oh, it's somewhere to go," he answered. "I wouldn't touch one of those sick-looking kids in there for a million bucks, but it's somewhere to go when you get tired of sitting on your bunk or hanging around the street corners. Anything for a change when you get fed up."

It was not chance which led me to this brief interview, nor to scores like it, within the past fortnight. Liberty Magazine has an unusual opportunity to hear how the soldiers of our 1,600,000-man army are faring these days. Letters from the men in camp pour in by thousands to the page called This Man's Army. Those letters are of a revealing nature. But since Old Sarge cannot hope to print more than a handful of them each week, a general appraisal of the state of morale in our citizen army seemed in order.

Here's the situation:

Soldier morale in the camps located near big cities—like Fort Dix in New Jersey and Fort Meade in Maryland, where most of the men come from immediately surrounding territory—is on the whole rather good. In the huge Southern encampments, pitched in virtual wilderness or adjacent to small cities and towns, the situation is such as to justify, ten times over, the belated but urgent efforts for improvement now being pushed by several agencies of government and by civilian committees.

But there is no better beginning than to define, for our purposes here, the meaning of that word morale.

Morale is the whole spirit and feeling of the soldier: his belief in his cause and the work he is doing—his sustained enthusiasm for the hard job of learning to fight—his healthy spirits and his urge to make the best possible soldier out of himself.

The opposite of high morale is boredom, resentment, lethargy caused by mental and spiritual stagnation. Every officer knows that this mood can spread like dry rot, that it is as epidemic as measles. And every officer knows that it can be prevented.

All the tanks and machine guns and planes on earth are of no account in the hands of men who are saying: "What do I care about all this junk? I want to go home."

Perhaps I can give no quicker statement of the level of morale in our huge Southern camps than to quote the latest report of Thomas E. Dewey. He has just completed a tour of all the camps east of the Mississippi on behalf of the United Service Organi-

zations. And he says that the need for healthy and decent recreation in the army is "staggering."

He makes particular reference to Camp Blanding, Florida. Fifty-six thousand men are there, and the only near-by town is Starke, which has a normal population of 2,000, with one small movie house and two poolrooms the only amusements. Thirty miles away, in St. Augustine, Mr. Dewey gathered photographs showing thousands of soldiers sitting dully in parks, sleeping on park benches or the street itself, in railroad stations and even in phone booths.

We shall return, after a little, for a further look at Starke—a prime example of the environment into which the soldier strays when he feels the irresistible urge to get away from camp, from discipline and boredom and the same old scenes for a few hours.

But in the meantime we should explore the reasons for this unpalatable situation.

When the selective service act was passed, its execution began with enthusiasm and confusion in about equal proportion. The task of housing and feeding and starting to train the great new army was as formidable as it seemed. In tackling that task, the problem of morale played a far-off second fiddle to the problems of mud and construction and organization.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army and similar organizations came forward and offered their help. But the Morale Section of the War Department—at that time a small and quite unimportant bureau—remembered the criticism which had been leveled at such societies in the last war, and laid down a new ruling.

All recreation and entertainment *within camp areas* would be managed by the army itself. If the service organizations wished to help, they were welcome to get to work *outside camp limits,* in near-by towns and cities.

Which was all very well, except that the army did practically nothing about it. Of course there was a big appropriation for athletic equipment and

Y MORRIS MARKEY

such. And most of it has been spent, too—but in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner, as shall presently appear. The fact remains that the first Post Service Club, substitute for the various recreation huts and canteens of the last war, was not opened at Camp Meade until late May of this year.

The usual wide diffusion and division of responsibility quickly appeared. The Federal Security Administration was set up, with Paul V. McNutt at its head, and charged with directing a vast catalogue of projects from the entertainment and recreation of soldiers to the improved nutrition of the civilian population. The War and Navy Departments set up a joint Committee on Education, Recreation and Community Service, with Frederick Osborn as chairman. And, in the spring of this year, the army itself decided to set up a full-fledged Morale Branch, with Brigadier General James A. Ulio in charge.

Let us see, now, just what has been done for our soldiers—and what has not been done.

The most ambitious undertaking has been, of course, the establishment of the Post Service Clubs. At least one such club is planned for each cantonment, though only a few are completed. Their central feature is a large hall with a good floor, upon which about 250 couples may dance to music provided by post bands. There is a surrounding balcony for letter writing and lounging, a cafeteria and soda fountain, and a post library.

But there are no small rooms for reading or for holding classes, for club groups or hobby groups, or for music a little different from the popular tunes which blare, hour after hour, from thousands of radio sets. There is no stage and no movie screen.

The gravest weakness of the Service Club, however, is that it is generally located at an absurdly remote part of the encampment. At Fort Meade, for example, it is at the very edge of the reservation, and thousands of men who might use it are miles away over dusty roads. And there are no bus systems in an army camp.

For each regiment (about 2,000 men) there is a Regimental Room. These rooms seat about 350 men, for small movies, lectures, and religious services. They cannot be used for indoor sports because they are fitted with heavy benches that cannot be stacked away.

For each unit of 250 men there is a Company Day Room, a small building of standard construction. But the men get only a bare room. If they want chairs to sit on, or tables for games, ping-pong tables, or dart boards, they must find the money—either from their own pockets or from generous parents or from the company funds which accumulate out of profits at the Post Exchanges, movies, and other camp enterprises. But these company funds have not yet materialized to any extent.

Each post is authorized to erect several movie houses, seating from 364 to 1,038, and there are movie tents available, seating 2,075. Plans for these buildings were provided from Washington, and it is a remarkable fact that the plans do not provide for stages or dressing rooms or any other facilities needed by "live" entertainers, amateur or professional. This has proved vastly dismaying to the theatrical profession, which is eager to do its share, as it did in the last war.

As for the movies, reports from capable and impartial observers, to say nothing of reports from the soldiers, have them of distinctly poor quality —third- and fourth-rate productions which are not often worth walking two or three miles across camp to see. My own inquiries brought the statement that there was very little hope of booking hit pictures, either current or in revival, because funds were not available to rent such costly issues.

I have said that considerable funds were appropriated for athletic equipment. It is the final disposition of these funds which brings us to the crux of soldier morale *on the post.*

The vital figure in the whole morale picture is the company commander. Here is a ranking officer in immediate touch with his men as human beings. Here is the officer who must be responsible for *esprit de corps,* for competitive pride, for the fighting qualities, fun qualities, and housekeeping qualities of his men.

There is not, generally, a central pool of athletic equipment, to be borrowed when wanted. Camps are too big for that. The balls and the bats are parceled out to various units.

The good company commander knows how to wangle his share of the balls and bats and boxing gloves and footballs and punching bags. The indifferent company commander is always listening to the sad words, "Sorry, captain. The supply of that issue has just been given out."

That is why some companies languish and watch other men at play. That is why (and let us brush over this as quickly as possible) every afternoon, at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, from 3,000 to 5,000 men may be seen playing hopscotch, drop-the-handkerchief, leapfrog, and farmer-in-the-dell!

There is no central scheme for programs of recreation and sport. The fine new Morale Branch at Washington, according to its own definitions, can merely "suggest and offer data to Post Commanders and Corps Area Commanders, if those Commanders wish them." Thus it is that such programs depend largely upon the whim and temperament of the local commander.

In some camps, too, the majority of available equipment is allocated to what we might call varsity teams—baseball and track, football and basketball. The experts go on the teams. All the rest can sit and watch the games, if they hadn't rather play beanbag. But softball can be played almost anywhere, and a great deal of it is played in all the camps.

There is usually an officer in each regiment detailed to look after recreation in his spare time. More often than not this is the chaplain, or some other officer who does not fit into any particular niche in the army scheme—and more often than not he has no experience in games or sports.

So much for the situation within the camps. What to do about it? Nothing very much that I can suggest. Except this: for the Morale Branch to issue firmer orders, and for it to conduct an educational course for company commanders and junior officers generally, and teach them more of how to care for their men. Such a plan does not exist now, though General

(Continued on page 57)

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

For real light on the question whether anything besides isolationism might be keeping together two co-workers so unlike each other, Mr. Collins went to Senator Wheeler himself. What did he think of Lindbergh? His answer at first seemed rather guarded: he didn't know Lindbergh very well, etc. Then he said, "But one thing I do know: he has a great following in this country." From so seasoned a political realist these words seemed suggestive. Mr. Collins fell to wondering just how Lindbergh's great following would most appeal to the Senator personally. As appeared in Liberty last week, his general conclusion was that, while "hatred" of or opposition to Roosevelt had not brought these two men together in the first place, it might possibly keep them together until their alliance became important in national politics—with the conceivable result that the fall of 1944 would find Wheeler battling Roosevelt or his nominee for the Presidency.

PART TWO—THE POT OF GOLD ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

Why Senator Wheeler and Work Together

☆ TO be President of the United States is a laudable ambition for any man.

Wheeler is known to have it.

Lindbergh may have it.

And, human nature being what it is, a lot of people are asking, "Is that why they are working together?"

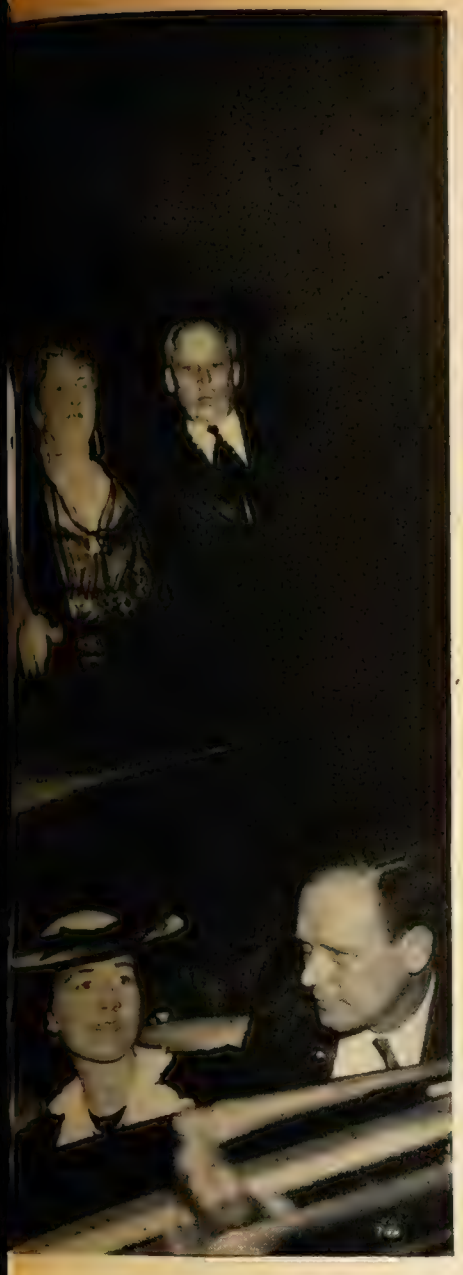
This, we must admit, is not wholly a rhetorical question; and the answer to it, whether the Colonel and the Senator know the answer or not, is bound to have detonating repercussions for the American people.

Assuming—as I am personally quite willing to assume—that neither man entered into the present alliance with the slightest idea of personal glory or gain, neither can be so blind, now that they are in it, as to fail to see the future which lies before them in the continuing union of their strengths.

Certainly, if Lindbergh and Wheeler succeed in besting the administration on the all-important question of isolationism, they must be accepted as collectively the voice of the nation. If they fail, and we do go to war, and the inevitable postwar reaction against bloodshedding sets in—as it will even if we are victorious—these two will still have a just claim to being the voice of a very large section of their countrymen.

The opportunity is there. That fact is indisputable. But whether these particular men have it in them to stick together long enough to take full advantage of it remains to be seen. For Burt Wheeler and Charles Lindbergh are really not birds of a feather and are not likely to go flocking together for reasons of affection or sentiment, or for any other reason except a common interest in gaining an objective in which both are deeply interested. To say this is not to reflect on the capacity for personal loyalty in either individual, if he chooses to exercise it; but it is an attempt to reflect their future in the mirror of their past.

As we know, Charles Lindbergh's life has been marked by a series of widely publicized turnings away from one set of conditions and associates and joinings up with another set markedly different; and when the



Lindbergh

A provocative look at a strange partnership: Is it more than it seems?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

severance comes, it is almost always complete.

When he became rich, he moved out of the circle in which he had moved when he was poor. This often happens in the case of the suddenly wealthy, but seldom with such finality or completeness.

Most newly rich men like to go back once in a while to renew memories of the good old days; but not Lindbergh. Most newly rich men carry along with them into their new life one or more of their former intimates, with whom they are pleased to share their riches and, if they have it, their glory; but not Lindbergh.

He is a master of cutting his bridges behind him.

He did it when he left his Midwestern mail-toting pilot friends for the society of the Eastern money kings, the Morrows and the Morgans.

He did it when he left the country of his birth to hide away in the country which he then believed could give him the privacy which America could not give him.

He did it when he found that his association with Nazi leaders made him no longer popular or perhaps even safe in his adopted country, and returned to the one from which he had fled—but not to the aeronautical and research and financial associates of former days but a brand-new group of political publicists.

In each case the disjunction was apparently complete.

So far as this writer has been able to discover, there is no one in Lindbergh's life today—I mean intimately associated with him—who was in his life before his famous flight to France; and no one, if we except his wife and immediate family, who was intimately associated with him in the years before his famous sailing to England; and no one who was in the circle in which he moved in England before his famous return trip to the U. S. A.

Obviously, there is nothing in this record to indicate that Lindbergh would stick to Wheeler one moment longer than it was to his advantage to do so in the furtherance of some cause in which he was interested.

As for Wheeler, there are few men in public life with whom he has not been associated, actually or in spirit, since he came to Washington in 1923, and few from whom he has not promptly disassociated himself when he and they failed to see eye to eye.

Not that the Senator is more of an opportunist than the average politician. He himself has steered a remarkably straight course. By and large, the others have joined him, not he them. But there is nothing in his record to show that the associations thus formed were lasting ones, or that, in most instances, they rested on any ground more solid than expediency.

Take his former close association with Franklin Roosevelt. Burt Wheeler may not have been responsible, with or without Huey Long's help, for the President's first nomination in 1932, but it is a matter of record that he was one of the first prominent Democrats outside of New York State, and the very first man in the United States Senate, to come out for Roosevelt in the preconvention campaign.

He even helped Jim Farley provide the sinews of war when the Roosevelt headquarters was so broke that it couldn't advance the sums necessary to pay his, the Senator's, expenses on a Roosevelt-for-President stumping tour through California.

It may come as a shock to the admiring public to discover that a distinguished statesman, delivering impassioned pleas on behalf of his chosen savior of the people, should be as interested in "expenses" as a top-rank amateur tennis player, but such is the case.

"I insisted on their paying my expenses," said the Senator.

Naturally. It is an old Senatorial custom. There is no harm in it, I suppose, so long as the statesmen who practice it are as frank about it as Senator Wheeler and the public is allowed to know under what circumstances its support is being sought. It is well, however, for the public to know that, in most cases, the gentlemen who are now cruising up and down our terrain beseeching their hearers to save their country as a patriotic duty are not doing their stints in that cause at their own expense.

As for the matter of raising money for the Roosevelt-before-Chicago 1932 campaign, the Senator told me the story himself:

"I was in Boston and Dave Walsh [Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts] gave me a dinner. One of the guests was Joe Kennedy [former Ambassador to England Joseph P. Kennedy]. Or, rather, Joe was to have been a guest, but had to catch a train for New York, so he just looked in to say hello. I arranged to see him in New York the next day, and when I did, I said to him:

"'Joe, we ought to get behind Roosevelt.'

"'Why?' said Joe.

"'Because we can win with him,' I said.

"'Do you think so?'

"'I know so.'

"Then I explained the financial situation, and Joe put up $5,000. It was a lifesaver."

Which gives you an idea of how keen Burt was for Franklin before the latter got into the White House. Nevertheless, he was one of the first men of prominence in the President's party to break with him once he got there. Some say it was jealousy. Some say it was implacable hatred. Perhaps a fairer statement would be that the two men, although they were natural allies, just couldn't get along. But whatever the cause, the split came and Burt Wheeler went his way.

(Continued on page 55)

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

what Vitamin B can

The remarkable story of a new friend of man—and its alphabetical family

☆ HAVE you a little hangover in your home? Banish it with a vitamin. Is your brain tired? Are you irritable, underweight, or dopey? Are you losing your hair and your friends? Engulf a vitamin or two.

Only doctors and chemists know much about vitamins, yet everybody talks about them. They are as much discussed—and as intelligently!—in America today as boogie-woogie. Doctors, chemists, manufacturers, and advertising experts have done much to popularize them, and will do more. Already the jeweler will sell you a tiny case for your vitamins, an ornamental doodad that can be attached to a bracelet. Makers of soft drinks have charged their beverages with vitamins; makers of hard drinks are hoping to find out just what vitamins, if any, can be put into theirs.

And science is urging governmental action to assure vitamins for all as a national defense measure.

Authorities in the drug business expect to dispose of $100,000,000 worth of them, and more, before the end of the year. Dr. Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association predicts that Americans will also buy hormones and sulfa drugs—sulfanilamide, sulfathiazole, etc.—in great quantities. Hormones and the sulfas are sold usually on doctors' prescriptions. Patients prescribing these for themselves may do themselves serious harm. But you are in practically no danger when dosing yourself with vitamins, unless you take large doses for a long time.

The newspapers are full of stories about vitamins. Here's one from Chicago. Dr. C. G. King of the University of Pittsburgh, speaking at the annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, urges that parents add anywhere from 30 to 50 milligrams of vitamin C to the baby's daily milk, so that the child may grow up with healthy teeth. We are rejecting in this draft three times as many men as in the last draft, he points out. We are rejecting them because of bad teeth. These men, he says, were born at the time it became fashionable to give the baby a bottle, to give him cow's milk. There is only about one fourth as much vitamin C in raw cow's milk as in mother's milk, and from 10 to 20 per cent of what there is is lost through pasteurization, and about 50 per cent is lost through evaporation.

Here's a news story about vitamin B_1 and how it abolishes hangovers. Here's another to the effect that the St. Louis Cardinals have selected a diet rich in vitamins. And another about Red Cross ships speeding vitamins to the children of France and Spain. And so on.

Vitamins come in capsule, tablet, or liquid form. You can get all you want at your corner drugstore. For that matter, you can get them at the fish market, the butcher shop, the grocery store, or the fruit vendor's stand, since they are present in meat, vegetables, cereals, nuts, and many other foods. And it is our foods rather than our drugs that make us healthy.

We are eating half again as much of fruits and nuts now as we ate in 1920. We are demanding vitamin-bearing foods. We are forcing food manufacturers to use vitamins. We insist that even our bread shall contain them.

It is ironic to realize that the husk and germ of a grain of wheat contain practically all the vitamins and minerals there are in wheat, and that until lately all the life-giving, health-building, energy-creating qualities were carefully milled and bleached and ground and sifted out of the flour that made our bread. The idea was to produce a flour that would keep indefinitely and would make a beautiful-looking loaf of white bread. This bread gave strength but not health. The British government eventually ordered that all white flour be fortified with vitamin B_1 and calcium.

American bakers also have gone in for vitamins. Some of them advertised "vitamin bread," but it was discovered that a child would have to eat an entire loaf of it to get even a moderate quantity of vitamins. Under the advice of Dr. Russell M. Wilder, head of the National Research Council's Committee on Food and Nutrition, and with the help of Dr. Charles N. Frey and his associates of the Fleischmann laboratories, a real vitamin-filled loaf of white bread was then put on the market.

Vitaminizing bread costs only a tenth of a cent a loaf, or less. Therefore, few bakers have raised the price of their loaves. At any rate, so far as vitamins are concerned, the foods that constitute the normal American diet would make up for any and all deficiencies in bread.

Scientific knowledge of the vitamins is scarcely a generation old. The chemist who gave them their name, Dr. Casimir Funk, a Pole, is only fifty-six and is employed by an American manufacturer of vitamins. It was in 1912 that he announced that he had discovered a substance related to ammonia which was essential in rice as a preventive of beriberi.

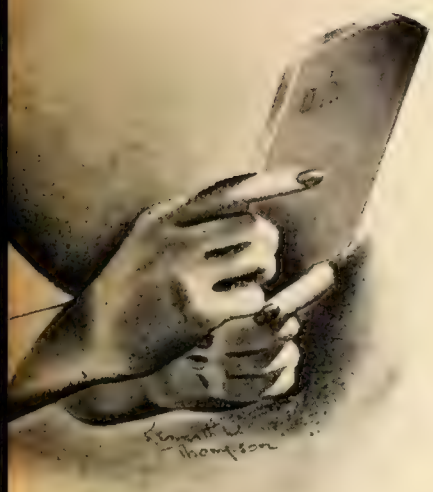
Some time before this announcement, the medical director of a Japanese prison made a discovery. The guards of this prison all suffered from beriberi, but none of the prisoners. Both were fed rice. But the guards ate polished rice, whereas the prisoners were given theirs with the brown husks on it.

Something in that husk, the Japanese doctor saw, kept the prisoners healthy. Dr. Funk believed that something was an amine—a derivative of ammonia. He suggested the name vitamine (life-amine), or vitamine, for such food elements. This suggestion was accepted by the scientific world until it was determined that they were not amines at all. Then the word vitamine was deprived of its final letter.

Of course mankind knew something about the properties of some vitamins long ago. In 1536 an American Indian dosed a lot of white men with sassafras tea. They were members of Jacques Cartier's band of explorers who sailed up the St. Lawrence to what is now Montreal. Winter imprisoned them and they could get no fresh foods. Scurvy attacked them. Many died before the red man came to their aid.

Two centuries later a Scotch physi-

BY
EDWARD
DOHERTY



lo for you

cian, James Lind of the Royal Navy, cured sailors suffering from scurvy by giving them lime and lemon juice. Eventually all British ships served lime juice to their crews, whose members came to be called "limeys." Another Englishman, the famous Captain James Cook, discovered that raw onions and sauerkraut would prevent or cure scurvy.

In 1889 Dr. Christian Eijkman, called upon to treat prisoners in a Dutch East Indies jail, diagnosed their ailment as beriberi. In passing by the chicken yard one morning, he noticed that the hens walked with the same stiff, wobbly gait as his patients. Both lived almost solely on polished rice. That was significant to him. He fed the chickens rice hulls. They recovered. He fed hulls to the prisoners, and so did they. It was about this time that the doctor in the Japanese prison made his discovery. Dr. Eijkman, forty years later, was rewarded with the Nobel prize. The Japanese physician? Few remember his name.

The study of vitamins progressed slowly up to the beginning of the first World War. Since then such studies have made tremendous strides. Today biochemists list thirty or more vitamins. Not all of them are necessary for the normal growth, development, and vitality of a human being; but our medical scientists know of at least fifty simple chemical factors in food which are thus necessary, and twelve of the fifty are vitamins. Only small amounts of them are essential. Lack of them causes discomfort, disability, and disease. The body makes its own hormones, and it makes some of its vitamins but can make them only out of the stuff eaten as food. Most vitamins come complete in our foods.

The more important vitamins are:

Vitamin A. This is found in oil from the livers of cod, halibut, perch, and other fish, as well as in milk, butter, the yolks of eggs, seed embryos, asparagus, cantaloupe, and animal livers. As carotene, which the liver transforms into vitamin A, it is contained in carrots and green vegetables. It promotes growth, strengthens the mucous membranes against infection by bacteria, and prevents certain eye ailments.

Vitamin B_1. This is also called thiamin, and is one of the many cousins of the so-called vitamin B complex. (Vitamin B, incidentally, is the best known, and the most popular, of all the vitamin family.) Vitamin B_1 is found in the husks of cereal grains such as rice and wheat, in yeast, milk, green leaves, roots, tubers. Until last year many doctors believed it prevented inflammation of the nerves, or polyneuritis. But instructor Arnold P. Meiklejohn of the Harvard Medical School proved that the general ill health which follows thiamin deficiency is due to disturbances in the way carbohydrates are handled by the body. The cause of polyneuritis in humans remains a mystery.

Vitamin C. Now called ascorbic acid and cevitaminic acid. It occurs in all citrus fruits and some others, in the leafy parts of plants, in paprika peppers. It is necessary for the health of the ductless glands; promotes the proper condition of the teeth and eyes. The blood needs it to carry oxygen throughout the body. It resists bacterial infection and helps the healing of wounds and broken bones. Lack of it may lead to anemia, hemorrhage, pyorrhea, and scurvy.

Vitamin D. This is called calciferol and delsterol. It is contained naturally in fish oils. It can be synthesized by exposing ergosterol to ultraviolet light. It enables the body to utilize calcium and phosphorus for bones and teeth. It balances the action of the parathyroid glands. Too much may upset the balance. It prevents rickets, convulsions, softening of the bones, and, it is believed, decay of the teeth.

Vitamin E. Also called tocopherol. It comes in wheat germs, cotton-seed oil, and dried lettuce leaves. It seems essential for childbearing. It stimulates mental alertness. Lack of it in the diet of baby boys may arrest their sex development.

Vitamin G. This was formerly classified as Vitamin B_2. It is known now as riboflavin. It is present in brewers' yeast, beef liver, beef and veal kidneys, beet and turnip greens, broccoli, kale, and tangerines. It promotes growth, is essential for the oxidation of body cells, and stimulates the optic nerves. The sense of touch depends upon it. The body always manages to retain enough riboflavin for basic needs. Scarcity of it may cause a form of acne, and may also account for eye ulcers. Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, head of New York City's Memorial Hospital, America's foremost cancer institution, has recently announced that his researchers have prevented cancer in the livers of laboratory rats by means of this vitamin in combination with casein, the principal ingredient of cheese.

Vitamin K. Now called menadine. It is found in hog liver, hemp seed, tomatoes, cabbages, alfalfa, fish meal. Blood must contain it in order to clot.

There are a number of other essential vitamins which as yet have not been named or lettered. There are vitamins in many things you presumably don't eat. Parsley is loaded with vitamin A, and grass has almost thirty times as much vitamin content as fruits or vegetables. You don't have to go out on your lawn and eat grass, however. Already you can buy powdered alfalfa to sprinkle on your food, and a New Jersey man will sell you grass juice by the flask.

Except for pellagra in those parts of our South where many subsist almost wholly on pork, corn, soybeans, and molasses, diseases due to the extensive lack of vitamins are rare in the United States. Partial avitaminosis, however, is rather common. It is due to improper preservation of food, bad cooking, and faulty absorption by the body. Food allowed to dry out loses a great deal of its precious cargo, notably vitamins A, B, and C.

For cooking, kitchen experts of the United States Department of Agriculture have established the following common-sense rules:

1. Do not stir air into foods while cooking.
2. Do not put food through a sieve while hot.
3. Do not use soda in cooking green vegetables.
4. In boiling foods, raise the temperature to the boiling point as rapidly as possible.
5. Use as little water as possible.
6. Do not use cooking processes such as stewing when shorter methods are feasible.
7. Do not throw away the water in which vegetables have been cooked. Use it in making gravies, sauces, and soups. [This is one of the most important of these rules.]
8. Do not fry foods valuable for their content of vitamins A, B, or C.
9. Prepare chopped fruit and vegetable salads just before serving.
10. Start cooking frozen foods while they are still frozen.
11. Serve raw frozen foods immediately after thawing.

THE END

Bertie Finds A 'OME

ILLUSTRATOR FRANK DENSING

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY LAURA K. BURBRIDGE

The gallant tale of a lonely boy who led two lives to happiness

☆ EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Bertie Jarvis sat stiffly upright in Hollywood's swankiest children's bootery. Shyly he thrust out his right foot and tried on shoe after shoe.

But Bertie's mind was not on shoes. He was tired and bewildered. He wanted to like this beautiful American lady—this Mrs. Sterling—who was going to look after him for the "duration." He wanted to like the dark gentleman with her. But he couldn't. He still felt the hotness in his cheeks at the memory of their meeting at the train. He'd offered to shake hands with Mrs. Sterling—just as his father had instructed him to do. She hadn't taken his hand. Instead she'd looked down and said, "You bite your nails. How dreadful!"

He'd hidden his hands behind his back and hadn't bothered to explain that nail biting was something that had been only recently acquired.

"My ol' woman—she liked 'er sausages." His voice broke and 'e pushed his plate from him. "So did my—my ol' man."

The man she called Tony said, "You're in America. You'll find things quite different over here, I suppose."

Bertie asked. "Are you tykin' the plyce of my ol' man over 'ere, sir?"

Tony roared right out at that and thumped Bertie hard on the back. "You've got me wrong, I'm afraid. I don't mind looking after a friend's wife, but I draw the line when it comes to kids."

After Mrs. Sterling got through laughing, she leaned closer to Tony and said, "Tony darling, some day you'll slay me with your humor."

Remembering, Bertie sat forward in his chair and reached his arm around and tentatively felt the spot on the sharp little blade under the tweed jacket. He was surprised to find it didn't still hurt.

The clerk tied the lace of a brown-and-white oxford; patted Bertie's foot. "There, young fellow! Just the thing for a young gentleman."

Mrs. Sterling smiled. "I'll take all five pairs, Mr. North."

Bertie gasped. Five pairs of shoes! What would he do with five pairs of shoes all at once? Blimey! A bloke only 'ad one pair of feet.

Mr. North struggled to his feet and accepted a roll of money from Mrs. Sterling. "I envy you, Mrs. Sterling," he said. "You and so many others are doing a wonderful thing. Too bad we can't get 'em all over here where they'll be safe."

"There's an awful lot of red tape to it," Mrs. Sterling sighed. "But I was lucky. I have a friend over there. She arranged everything for me."

Bertie's eyes followed the three as they walked to the front of the store. He could well imagine what they were saying: "Yes, poor little fellow. Looks sad, doesn't he? His mother was one of the first to be killed in a raid, you know. His father's in the army. Digs out time bombs, or something as uninteresting as that." He shut his eyes tight to close out the image of his mother as he'd last seen her. He'd been one of London's evacuated children. Sent to Kent. His mother had fretted a lot. The Queen, Lord love her, had helped her get down to visit him when he was ill with homesickness those first weeks. It was Sunday, and they'd gone to the beach for the day. . . .

As quickly as he'd closed his eyes against the tears, he shut away his thoughts. His ol' woman had taught him softness and obedience, but his ol' man had taught him courage. "It tykes a bit o' courage to carry on, me lad," he said. "So 'ang on to your courage and you'll be a bit of all right."

Mrs. Sterling lowered her voice and the clerk glanced over his shoulder at Bertie. Bertie felt all hot and sticky around the collar. They were pitying him again. And he didn't want to be pitied! No Englishman wanted that. Bertie's narrow shoulders straightened and his chin set.

Then Mrs. Sterling was thanking the clerk. She called to Bertie. He felt a wild urge to run. "Come, Bertie," she repeated sharply. "We've some more shopping to attend to before we start for home."

Bertie turned and obediently followed Mrs. Sterling and Tony. But all the way to the car he kept warning himself, "But it ain't my 'ome. It ain't my 'ome at all.—And 'e ain't 'er 'usband, neither."

"Where to now, darling?" Tony asked when they were settled in the green convertible. "Home, did you say?"

"No; not yet. I've got to outfit the kid some more. Get him some decent suits. Try to make him look human."

Bertie looked down at his bare scarred-up knees. "My ol' man—'e got these for me when 'e was 'ome on leave. Blimey! 'E didn't arf chuck 'is money about."

"Boys don't wear short pants here," Mrs. Sterling said shortly. "They're men right from the start."

"Blimey!" breathed Bertie incredulously.

Mrs. Sterling shuddered. "And you mustn't use that horrid word any longer."

☆ GERRY STERLING slid his long legs farther under the desk and ran anxious fingers through his hair as he stared down at the sheaf of monthly reports and swore under his breath. He swore as a matter of habit. Who wouldn't? That European war was cutting a nice slice from the profits of the motion-picture business. And now Amy was bringing part of the trouble right into his home. Taking in one of those kids that were being brought to the United States by the shipload.

Gerry had an uneasy feeling. Was Amy wise to his plans for pulling out—before he'd have a chance to tell her in his own way? Perhaps that was her reason for taking in the kid. But no; Amy wasn't that subtle. Maybe she was tired of that Tony fellow. Decided she'd better hold on to her husband. But it was too late for that now. A

kid might have helped at one time. But not now. . . .

A new thought struck Gerry. Maybe Lee, Amy's sister, had put her up to it. Lee loved kids. Funny she'd never married. She'd make a grand wife and mother. . . .

Gerry slammed the sheaf of reports in the top drawer of his desk and got to his feet. Lee was a forbidden topic for even his thoughts. Outside the big gates he glanced across the boulevard. A white-coated gas-station attendant spied him, and before Gerry could toss a dime to a newsboy and take up his evening paper the long black sedan slid up to the curb beside him. He settled down under the wheel. It was great to get outside in the fresh air.

On the beach road he drew in long draughts of salt-laden air. The ocean was cutting up a bit. Whitecaps embroidered the shore line. Would be pretty nice to dive into those waves. But there wasn't much fun going in all alone. Amy was afraid to go in at night. He didn't have any other time—unless it was Sunday. And most of the folks that came out then didn't care for swimming. Guzzling liquor and good food was more in their line. When you came to think of it, Amy's friends were pretty much a bunch of duds. And he'd lost track of his friends.

Gerry sighed. When a fellow climbed to the top, friends either got jealous or you just left them behind. Lee was the only one he really missed. But he'd spoiled that camaraderie—the time he'd tried to put his arm around her when Amy wasn't looking. Lee had drawn away—given him a hard searching look. That meant more than a slap in the face from any other girl.

☆ AMY STERLING closed the door to Bertie's bedroom and crossed the hall to the stairway. The kid sure looked funny and out of place in the room she'd had done over for him. The room with the bunk beds that pulled out from the wall; the doors that opened into filled bookcases; the handmade rug with its design of the world cleverly woven in—with London in prominent green letters. It had cost a pretty penny, but the kid hadn't seemed impressed. "It's a bit of all right," he'd said, looking about him; "but my family ain't been much for livin' in castles, we 'aven't."

She reached the foot of the long stairway, heard some one open the front door, and turned—startled.

"I told you," she greeted her sister, "that it wouldn't do you a bit of good to come and preach, Lee."

"You got him, then?"

"Of course."

Lee glanced up the stairway. "Poor little fellow."

"Poor little fellow nothing! He'll have everything that money can buy."

"And you think that kind? How about when he has to go back? Will he be able to adjust himself?"

Amy shrugged. "That's not my worry. All that I'm concerned with is the present."

Lee looked at her sister for a long time before she spoke. "I suppose you're punishing Gerry again for something or other. But this time you're not hurting only Gerry. There's a little fellow whose heart must be breaking with loneliness."

"If you feel so dreadfully sorry for them, maybe you'd better stick around and look after their welfare. I've often said you should have married Gerry. Too bad you were at college when he got introduced into the family. His money wouldn't have influenced you."

Lee winced, but her voice was steady as she ignored her sister's taunt. "What does Tony think of Bertie?"

"Tony? Tony is being a little difficult. He doesn't like kids." Amy laughed harshly. "And neither do I. As soon as I'd sent for the kid I was sorry. At the time it looked like a good publicity stunt. If I'm too fed up, I'll step out of the whole mess. Tony's getting pretty impatient."

"Amy, no! After bringing the child all this way—you wouldn't desert him."

"I'm beginning to think it would be a lot of fun seeing what sort of a father *and* mother Gerry would make."

Lee hesitated, bit back the hot words that she knew would do no good, and started up the stairs. "I'll take a look in at Bertie before I head for home."

"Don't coddle him too much," Amy warned.

Bertie's straight little back was to the door as Lee opened it. He hadn't answered her knock. With a quick glance Lee took in the tightly clenched hands at his side. "Hello, Bertie."

Bertie turned, and she saw the tight cords at the side of his mouth, the dew that was threatening to become a sudden burst of rain in the pathetically large brown eyes. "'Ello." He rubbed the left sleeve of his coat quickly across his eyes.

Lee advanced a little closer. She felt suddenly void of words; but he seemed to read the question in her eyes.

"I was pl'yin' a gyme. Thinkin' up somethin' nice, I was. My ol' man 'e said it tykes little doin' to cry, but it tykes a 'ell of a lot of doin' to smile—sometimes."

☆ LEE longed to take him into her arms. But she'd learned that sympathy took away the crutches to courage. She put out her hand and grasped his small outthrust one as one man to another. "I just dropped in to welcome you to America, Bertie, and then I'm on my way home."

The new light that had come briefly to Bertie's eyes dimmed. "You don't live 'ereabouts?"

"No. In Los Angeles. But that's not far. I'll be seeing you often. You see, Mrs. Sterling's my sister."

"Blimey. You ain't a bit alike, be yer? But my Aunt Min—she's got six and they ain't a bit alike."

Lee laughed and searched through her purse. Closing it, she handed Bertie a card. "This is my name and address. If you need me, Mr. Sterling will let me know."

As she turned to leave, Bertie sprang to the door and opened it with a quaint courtly manner. "Thank 'e, ma'am," he said.

He leaned against the closed door and looked down at the card in his hand, and he whistled softly. "Blimey! 'Er nyme's Lee." He no longer wondered why he liked her so much. Lee was the name of the river near his London home. These Americans were a bit of all right, after all.

☆ GERRY jumped from his bed as the morning sun cut across his pillow. Under the shower he planned his day. He'd take a walk along the beach first thing. Then he'd come back and face Amy; have a definite understanding with her and get out. It would be rough on the English kid, but that wasn't his lookout. He was glad Amy hadn't been in last night. Probably doing the night clubs with that Tony fellow. He'd missed seeing the kid, too. Asleep, the butler told him.

The shower finished, Gerry slipped on a blue slack suit, but left his feet bare. The sand was a grand exerciser for tired feet.

But the sand was cold and Gerry's feet ached almost as much as his soft muscles as he turned around to go back an hour later. In the brass brightness of the daylight that broken-down trailer that had parked on the beach near his house looked worse than ever. He might have remembered and seen the authorities about getting these people moved on. Done one last thing for Amy. She'd crabbed about them enough.

He stopped, startled, as he noticed a slim boy surreptitiously slip out the side entrance of his house. "Now who can that be?" he muttered. "A thief! And loaded down with clothes, too."

The boy headed in the direction of the trailer. So that was it! They were robbing him as well as spoiling his view. Gerry took his hands from his pockets and hurried after the boy. Catching up with him, Gerry swung him around by the shoulder. "What are you up to, young fellow?"

Bertie drew away from the grasp and looked Gerry squarely in the eye. "I'm tykin' some clothes to the tryler, I am."

"Oh—you are. And who gave you permission to take clothes to the trailer?"

"Nobody, sir. But I promised them, I did." Bertie looked down at the suits and shoes dangling from his arms. "I don't need so much . . ."

"You don't need so much . . . Say! Who are you?"

"Bertie Jarvis."

So this was the kid Amy was hanging around his neck. A thief, for good measure. Just like her. "Where'd you get those clothes?"

"Mrs. Sterling—she gyve them to me."

"And what are you doing with them?"

"Giving them aw'y, sir."

(Continued on page 53)

Columnist Quiz

BY LEONARD LYONS

CONDUCTOR OF THE LYONS DEN COLUMN IN THE NEW YORK POST

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20.....Failing

1—Who is the most famous columnist in America?

2—What publisher of a chain of newspapers became a daily columnist?

3—(*a*) What was the highest political office ever held by a columnist; and (*b*) how much per word was he paid?

4—Give the first names of the following columnists: (*a*) H. L. Mencken; (*b*) H. I. Phillips; (*c*) "Bugs" Baer.

5—What female columnist, who was ordered out of Germany by Adolf Hitler, was mentioned as a Presidential possibility two years ago?

6—Who is the dean of columnists in New York, and what do his initials stand for?

7—Who is the columnist who made Shirley Temple famous by writing the story from which her first starring movie was adapted?

8—What well dressed New York columnist, who also has written books about railroad trains, was dismissed from both Harvard Graduate School and Yale University?

9—Under what pen name has Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer been writing a lovelorn column for more than forty years?

10—Who was the first Broadway columnist?

11—Name at least three writers of successful Broadway shows who were or still are columnists.

12—What Broadway columnist established a national reputation by making a record flight around the world?

13—What famous columnist has ten grandchildren?

14—(*a*) Who is the shortest columnist in America? (*b*) Who is the tallest?

15—Name a relative of the President who now writes a daily column, and another who did so until recently.

16—Who, until he died in an air crash, was the most beloved columnist in America?

17—What former Ziegfeld press agent wrote the first syndicated New York column?

18—Who is the author of Topics of The Times, the unsigned column which has been appearing for nine years on the editorial page of the New York Times?

19—What famous Mayor of the City of New York, who went to live in London, earned a living there by writing a column?

20—Name at least three columnists who have appeared in the movies.

21—What Manhattan columnist sold programs in the Yankee Stadium one year before he became a columnist?

22—Who is the syndicated society columnist whose name is listed in the Social Register? What is his real name?

23—What team of Washington columnists wrote a book of revelations about the United States Supreme Court justices, and then were involved in a case before that body of jurists?

24—What columnist organized and became president of a union and was a candidate for Congress?

25—What famous writer recently gave up a $6,000-a-week job in Hollywood to become a New York columnist for seventy-five dollars a week?

26—Name at least three Hollywood and Broadway comedians who wrote syndicated columns after the death of Will Rogers.

27—What columnist, recognized as a leading authority on pirates, succeeded the late O. O. McIntyre?

28—What has Fred Allen, the radio and screen star, in common with the following columnists: Mark Sullivan, Frank Sullivan, Ed Sullivan?

29—Name the famous syndicated columnist, formerly a sports writer, who in his very first column on national affairs supported a lynching.

30—What Broadway columnist, who helped popularize Latin-American music here, is one of America's best ballroom dancers?

31—What famous playwright had a columnist as one of the leading characters in her last two hit shows?

32—What columnist is a graduate of West Point?

33—What Broadway columnist—there's an "ell" in his name—married Ziegfeld's most beautiful show girl?

34—Only one columnist—a former editor of the New York World, whose thrice-weekly columns on world events are syndicated throughout America—is an officer of France's Legion of Honor. What is his name?

35—What actress, once married to a theatrical star who had six wives, now is the author of a movie column and a radio program emanating from Hollywood?

36—What famous sports columnist has a daughter who is a film star?

37—What columnist refused to accept a $25,000 reward after arranging the surrender of America's No. 1 fugitive into the hands of J. Edgar Hoover?

38—Name three Hollywood actors who have played the roles of columnists in pictures.

39—A former New York columnist, who was a Rhodes scholar, recently wrote a novel. For her performance in the movie version of that novel, Ginger Rogers won the Academy Award. What is the title of the novel, and who wrote it?

40—What New York columnist practiced law in Manhattan before he became a columnist—and before he thought of writing a Columnist Quiz?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

"I shouldn't have done what I did, Louise," she whispered. "I shouldn't have said that."

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Murder

☆ LOUISE GOULD, who tells the story, goes to Natchez, Mississippi, on a garden pilgrimage with Mrs. Cornelia Cartwright, president of her town's Garden Club, and Miss Letty Drayton, its secretary. Miss Letty's family live in Natchez, and at Mrs. Cartwright's insistence, the three stop with them in their lovely old mansion, Antigua.

Judge Drayton and Miss Kate, Miss Letty's brother and sister, and the judge's son, Lawrence, are cold toward Miss Letty, but Anne, the judge's niece, welcomes her warmly. Louise overhears Miss Kate tell her sister that she and the judge "refuse to allow you to make trouble in this house." To which Miss Letty replies that there is one thing she will not allow: Anne shall not marry Lawrence.

Louise is surprised at the vehemence of the usually meek Miss Letty. The only other time she has heard her speak her mind is when Cornelia Cartwright picked up an old locket from her dressing table and a folded piece of newspaper dropped out. Cornelia was told in no uncertain terms never again to touch the locket.

Louise suspects that the judge and his son are after some property Anne is supposed to inherit from a next-door neighbor—an old man who lived at Tangier, the adjoining estate, and whose family had an ancient feud with the Draytons. Louise knows about the terms of old Minot Heywood's will because, on the way to Natchez, she met a distant cousin of his, Steven Heywood. Steve is to inherit several plantations if he marries Anne Drayton. If not, she gets the property. Steve stops at Natchez, on his way to Kelly Field, to see Anne, just out of curiosity; he has no intention of marrying her. But, seeing her, he falls in love with her and decides to stay in Natchez for a while, in spite of the judge's opposition.

After viewing one of the old houses of Natchez, Louise and Steve have dinner together. Then Louise joins Anne at a play at the colored church. Cornelia was supposed to meet them there—but she never arrives. She is found dead later that night in the bayou between Tangier and Antigua.

PART THREE—"I'VE DECIDED TO MARRY YOU"

☆ IT all seems incredible and fantastic now, of course. You'd have thought that sitting there in the little church, watching the colored saints come marching to the pearly gates and the sinners rushed off to a realistic hell of red-lighted cellophane, Anne Drayton and I would have had some premonition—like a sudden chilling or a tightening in our throats—that something ghastly was happening at Antigua. But we didn't, either of us.

Steve had left me at the door when he saw Judge Drayton and Lawrence sitting there with Anne; and when he left, the two of them did too. I said to Anne once, "I wonder where Miss Letty and Cornelia are," and she looked around.

"I was sure they were coming," she said. "Aunt Letty promised Isaac and Mamie she'd come to see them."

When it was over and we went out, we still didn't think there was any-

Romance in the shadow of terror! Strangely love dawns in two young hearts caught in a tragic mystery

With Southern Hospitality

BY LESLIE FORD

thing untoward about it—in spite of Lusby.

He was standing on the curb, his cap in his hand. He came up to me.

"Miss Louise, Ah cain' fin' Mis' Cartwright no place. She done disappear. Ah been lookin' every place Ah can think of."

As Lusby was rather like a mother hen trying to look after an eagle, I just smiled and said, "Don't worry. She's probably met somebody she knows."

He didn't look convinced at all, and then I thought I realized what was really disturbing him. Sure enough, it came out.

"After Ah takes these ladies back to Tangier," he said, nodding toward Millicent and Cora sitting in Cornelia's car, "do you s'pose Mis' Cartwright would min' if Ah come an' took Mamie home?"

"Go ahead," I said. "I'll explain to her."

"Yes, ma'am. An' Mr. Lawrence says Ah'm to bring you an' Miss Anne, too."

"We're stopping for some coffee," Anne said, taking my arm. "It isn't far, and we'll walk."

"I wonder why she didn't come," she went on as we started off. "I thought she was going to make a speech afterwards, to tell the colored people how much you tourists enjoyed it. Somebody always does."

Even then it never remotely occurred to me that something had happened to Cornelia, though I couldn't imagine her not showing up for that. It was part of her stock in trade—she always bore greetings to every gathering. Then we forgot all about her, because Steve Heywood came into the coffee shop.

Anne looked up, and looked down again quickly. "Here's your friend," she said.

Steve came down the aisle to where we were sitting at the counter.

"Hello," he said. "Mind if I sit with you?"

"Not unless Miss Drayton does," I said. The only vacant seat was next to Anne.

"Do you always follow people around?" Anne asked.

Steve grinned. "Only special people. It just happens I came in for coffee, believe it or not. You can't get a drink decently in this town. I didn't know there still were such places."

"There's an old Mississippi custom," Anne said. "We always stagger to the polls and vote dry."

"Now that's cynical, Miss Drayton. I'm surprised at you."

He sat down and looked at her critically.

"I'd never have known you with your pigtails, if it hadn't been for your bodyguard," he observed easily. "Isn't it way past your bedtime, sister?"

She looked at him blankly. As a matter of fact she didn't look a day over sixteen, with a little yellow bow on each side of her head to hold her curls back, and a yellow sweater under a perky green plaid suit with a flared skirt coming just below the knees. It was the first time we'd

either of us seen her in modern clothes.

She smiled suddenly. "Oh, I thought you knew," she said. "I'll be twenty a month before you're twenty-six. That's in October, isn't it?"

Steve nodded. "October fifteenth's the dead-line," he said cheerfully. "It's too bad, but maybe if you put your hair up—"

"What for?" Anne demanded.

"Well, I don't want people to think I've adopted a war orphan . . . much less married one. Because I've decided to marry you."

"You have?" Anne asked politely. "You can't imagine how grateful I am."

"Don't mention it. As a matter of fact, it's not going to be nearly as tough as I thought it was."

"It's going to be a lot tougher," she said. "As a matter of fact, it's going to be absolutely impossible."

Steve looked at her with cool critical detachment.

"That's what *I* thought last night," he agreed thoughtfully. "But today I think you're rather nice. Not impossible at all—with a few minor changes . . . like getting down off your high horse and getting rid of your family. Where shall we live? Any place you like, just so it's Philadelphia!"

Anne laughed. "I guess I forgot to say it's you that's absolutely impossible," she replied calmly. "I don't suppose that ever occurred to you."

"Tut-tut," Steve said. "And, by the way"—he fished around in his inside jacket pocket—"did you have your uncle write me this letter? Maybe I'd better read it to you."

☆ HE looked around. Only the three of us were left in the coffee shop, and the waitresses were at the other end of the counter. Anne had stiffened a little, and was sitting there straight as a young gold-tipped arrow, a little flush rising in her cheeks.

He pulled a long envelope out of his pocket and opened it.

"'Dear Mr. Heywood,'" he read. "'My niece has informed me of her meeting with you last night. Distasteful as it was to her, she still feels that, since she is unwilling to submit to the terms suggested by Minot Heywood in his will, it is only fair and honorable for a settlement to be made whereby an equitable division of the property may be effected. She has therefore suggested that, when you have reached your twenty-sixth birthday, she convey to you two of the six plantations—Argosy and Blenheim, lying in the country—and Tangier in the city of Natchez, now occupied by Miss Rose Heywood. I am enclosing statements of the recent proceeds of the six plantations. You will see that the income from Argosy and Blenheim equals that of three of the estates she is retaining, and that the fourth has operated without profit for a number of years.

"'I have strongly advised her against making any concession at all, as the terms of the will are most definite. My niece's sense of fair play, and her natural very strong desire to rid herself of your unwelcome attentions, are all that persuade me to act in accordance with her wishes.'"

He folded the letter up and put it back in the envelope.

"Another cup of coffee, please. What about you, Louise?"

I nodded.

"Sister Anne?"

She shook her head automatically. Then she looked at him, her eyes shining.

"I'm sorry my uncle was rude," she said. "But you'll admit you weren't very civil to him, or to me, for that matter. But I don't see what's wrong with the rest of it. I think it's very fair. My uncle didn't want to make any compromise at all. He was furious. I insisted, because I thought it was the decent thing to do and the fairest arrangement we could make."

☆ STEVE was examining his cigarette with sardonic imperturbability. "Not really?"

"Yes—really!" she retorted hotly. "But now, I take it, you're going to insist on all or nothing. Is that the way it is?"

"Oh, no," Steve said easily. "I just insist on marrying you, that's all. I think you're a *very* nice girl."

The corners of her lips were trembling, her eyes were blazing. "May I see that letter, please?" she said, and held out her hand.

"What for?"

"I'd like to see if he wrote it the way you read it. Or if you made it up as you went along—the way you do your Aunt Selina."

He handed it to her with a grin. She glanced through it.

"Word for word, Mr. Heywood," she said lightly. "Well, if you're standing on your legal rights, I expect I'll have to do the same."

She tore the letter into a dozen pieces and stuffed them in her jacket pocket.

Steve watched her with amusement. "That doesn't change anything," he said calmly, but his blue eyes twinkled irrepressibly. "I'm perfectly willing to do my part. I'll marry you. Any time you say."

She looked at him, calm outwardly and boiling inside.

"It would serve you right if I said O. K., tomorrow at nine—except that I'll be gone by then. And, anyway, I wouldn't marry you, Steve Heywood, if I had to be an old maid and die in the poorhouse, and you know it."

"Thanks a lot," Steve said.

Anne turned to me. "Are you coming, Louise, or are you staying here?" she demanded hotly.

She was close to tears—of rage and futility. I didn't blame her. His cheerful and unruffled calm were maddening. As she stalked out to keep from flying at him probably and making a scene in front of the waitresses, I said to him, "I think you're a pig."

"Me, or somebody," he said. He looked at me oddly for an instant. "Is she going away?"

I nodded. "Her aunt's ill apparently."

"That's interesting," he said. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

I went on out and joined Anne.

"I don't think I've ever hated anybody before in all my life," she said passionately. "I could have . . . Oh, dear!"

I didn't say anything, and we walked along rather breathlessly in a sizzling silence.

"I guess Uncle Ed is right," she said. "He says the Heywoods have always been polecats. Skunks is what he said. I thought it was just because the two families never got along, but—"

She shrugged her slim shoulders and lapsed into silence again. Behind us the clock on the church tower struck twelve. Suddenly she gave a sort of reluctant little laugh.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I'm not so sure it wouldn't be fun—" She stopped for a moment and went on. "I mean, I rather like him. There's something about him . . ."

She didn't say any more, and I didn't say anything. We walked on in the empty street. In front of us, as we came along, we could see the gates of Antigua. They were open, and beyond the trees we saw the house aglow from cellar to garret.

Anne drew a sharp quick breath.

"Oh, dear—they're probably scared to death! I'm not allowed out alone at night."

Steve was right, I thought; she was very young, and rather scared. But her chin was up.

"I shouldn't have stayed out, really," she said. "I've got to take Aunt Kate away for another cure in the morning. It's always the way—just when I don't want to leave. On account of the pilgrimage, I mean."

I smiled. We were halfway up the drive. She stopped abruptly again and caught hold of my arm.

"It's the doctor! Maybe Aunt Kate's really—"

Then her fingers closed tightly. "And the police! What's *happened?*"

She started running wildly toward the house. But it wasn't Miss Kate. They'd found Cornelia's body in the bayou.

☆ MISS LETTY came down from where she was standing by her sister on the front gallery. She put her arms around Anne and held her passionately.

"Thank God you're safe," she whispered.

We stood there bewildered.

"What *is* it?" Anne cried.

"If you'd been home, you'd know," Miss Kate Drayton said sharply. "Mrs. Cartwright has been killed. They found her body half an hour ago down in the bayou. We didn't know *what* had happened to you."

I stared at her, unable to believe my ears.

"*Cornelia?*" I gasped.

Miss Letty took my hand. "Yes, Louise," she said gently. "Be calm. We've sent for Alec. They're doing everything they can. We must be calm, dear."

(*Continued on page 50*)

I Hate the Dodgers

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY TED SHANE

Baseball treason!—A rebellious fan faces a phenomenon and boldly speaks his mind

☆ EARLY this season a pitcher named Whitlow Wyatt, with the score tied 2 and 2 in the last half of the ninth, connected for a single that drove in the winning run of a game he had pitched. A world went nuts. Reporters burned up wires flashing the sensational news; silver-throated announcers spread it by radio. Never had there been such a hero, nor such heroic doings.

What was all the shootin' for? Was it a World Series game? Was Wyatt leaving for the army? The answer, friends, is simple. It was just a routine game, about the eighteenth in a series of 154—but it was a Victory for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Somehow it has gotten around that the Brooklyn ball club does things as no ball club ever has done them, ever will, or ever could. Its feats are prodigious, its mistakes fantastic, its spirit, players, managers unbelievable. Everything that happens in the Brooklyn ball yard is cloaked in an aura of the supernatural . . . and I, for one, am very sick of it all.

How have the Dodgers gained such a reputation? Do they deserve it?

For many years Brooklyn, living in the shadow of Manhattan with its unbeatable McGraw Giants, was the butt of countless jokes. Besides having an inferiority complex a borough wide, from 1890 on it boasted a ball club. Though the club did win a few pennants, usually it reclined somewhere in or beneath the league cellar.

As the years sped along, it became apparent to some of the sports writers that there was something odd, in fact screwy, about Brooklyn. For instance, where other teams seemed content to get a man on third base, the Brooklyn philosophy was, "Sure a man on third is good—but two is better!" Time and again Brooklyn would have the bases crowded, none would be out—some one would double—and bang! three would be out!

As for hitting, Brooklyn players showed exceptional ability to clout the ball to distant places—and often to stretch a triple to a single. And everybody knows that Brooklyn outfielders never caught a ball with their hands. It had to bounce off their domes, then fall into their gloves.

Most famous of this erratic type was, of course, the great Babe Herman. An innocent, honest big fellow, he was as fine a hitter as ever threw to the wrong base. Actually Herman had great ability and equally great blind spots. One of his favorite lapses was, with one out and men on base, to capture a fly ball off his head, put it into his pocket, and run in to take his turn at bat—usually following the two men on base (who naturally scored) in to the plate.

Of course, not all of Herman's mates were of this extremely unpredictable type. Many of them, like Zach Wheat, were stars or near stars and never made a mistake. These, however, were inconspicuous when compared to the other kind.

This dizzy ensemble had an equally unusual manager in the person of one Wilbert Robinson—Uncle Robbie—who was as good-natured and avuncular as he was huge and fat. He didn't bother about discipline. His players' idea of training consisted of being on time for warm-up practice to dispel the ill effects of the evening before. There were no fines for hangovers, failure to run out scratch hits, chawin' tobacco and squirting it at umpires. Moreover, Robbie never did know the names of his players, many of whom were destined for stardom. He constantly referred to one of his young rookies—name of Buck Newsom—as Nuisance.

Assistant coach was Ma Robinson, his wife, who sat in the stands and managed him. A replica of her husband in long skirts, Ma went South

with the team, looked on every player as her only son, knew baseball as well as any modern manager—and, naturally, better than Uncle Robbie.

Besides these two, Brooklyn had 10,000 other managers—the Flock, the loyal fans who lived for this team and, day after day, watched it go down to defeat. They suffered, but took it all in grand sporting spirit.

They had one failing, however. To a man, they suffered from an inferiority complex. They liked to sit in the stands and kibitz Uncle Robbie. If he watched his opening pitcher (after a heavy night) get his brains knocked out for three innings, then let him stay on till the sixth—when Brooklyn invariably scored enough runs to almost win the game—the fans would open up. "Why dincha yank him in the thoid, Robbie?" they would cry in the peculiar Brooklyn dialect. Where another manager would have quietly yelled back, "None of your business, you jerks!" Uncle Robbie would come out of the dugout and defend the move. "Yeah—and that's why the team's in seventh place!" a fan would yell.

"Then come down and run it better yourself!" Robbie would retort.

In time the entire Ebbets Field would turn into a debating society—10,000 to 1—the game forgotten while the words flew hot and heavy.

Even the management added a charming nonchalance to all this affable daffiness. One of the owners, an aged tycoon known as Judge McKeever, sported a diamond ring as big as Gibraltar, and he was always willing to lend it to any of his players for an evening to make a good impression on a gal. The other owner, Charlie Ebbets, was also filled with generosity. The only lapse came in 1920, when Brooklyn amazingly copped the National League pennant and Ebbets immediately attempted to raise the prices for the World Series. In response to the yelp that went up, he said, "I have to raise the price. The seats at Ebbets Field are wider than any other ball park's. I ought to get more for them!"

☆ BUT it was all in character, all Brooklyn, just as it was to be when, during the finish to the 1932 National League race, Brooklyn was to print and take orders for the World Series beforehand, neglecting one thing: to win the pennant!

And so this slap-happy entity played on through the years, picking up an international repute. The world laughed and sobbed over Brooklyn—but loved it for a genuine underdog.

Then, one day, Uncle Robbie and his motherly bodyguard passed; and though Casey Stengel, now with Boston, did his best to keep up the comedy drama, the Dodgers fell into tenth place and the hands of a trust company. The vice-presidents took over the club. The first thing they did was to import one Leland Stanford MacPhail from Cincinnati and give him the go-ahead.

Being a man of genius in his line, a sort of super-barker, MacPhail immediately went to work as he had done in bringing Cincinnati up from the cellar. Waving a fat checkbook, he fired the old, brought on the new. He named as manager a militant young man named Leo Durocher, only less noisy than himself. He traded, bought, and begged the best ballplayers he could think of. He repainted Ebbets Field; ordered new technicolored uniforms for the ushers and taught them to say, "Will youse please be seated?" instead of "Sid-down, ya rat!" He introduced little carnival stunts, such as foot races for money by players before games. After a battle with his league colleagues, he introduced night baseball. Last but not least, he never kept these matters secret from the press.

Result: Brooklyn came to life with the biggest build-up since they threw together Radio City. Thanks to the radio and reporters, a public hysteria over Brooklyn has been whipped up. Words MacPhail me when I think of this gigantic hoax put over on a warmhearted nation of Brooklyn sympathizers. For, if you ask me—incidentally, I am not a Giant fan—Brooklyn is just another ball club. That it is not without its generous share of talent I will not deny. But that it is anything more than St. Louis or Cincinnati or Cleveland in Brooklyn uniforms, I certainly do deny.

And I most vehemently deny that the present Brooklyn ball club bears even the remotest resemblance to the ancient fly-dodging, beer-swilling, lighthearted, always lovable Dodgers. The present Brooklyns are as serious a group of ballplayers as you'll find. They are in baseball for one reason: to help win games. They'd be just about as likely to run the wrong way on bases as they would to come filled to the ears and reel up to Durocher, a sterling disciplinarian, before game time. And Mrs. Durocher, a lovely, talented woman, is content to stay out of the baseball business, and Leo never interferes with the designing business she runs in St. Louis.

Brooklyn today amounts to an able, uncolorful team—possibly destined to cop the pennant this year, but primarily a dull machine. Yet it continues to have a reputation as an Amazing Baseball Phenomenon.

I have sought vainly for some of those alleged wows, whims, and knocks of fate that press and radio and street-corner fan keep telling us "could only happen in Brooklyn." Frankly, they are as scarce as Brooklyn errors. I suspect that the sports writers and the clever Red Barber, Brooklyn's Number One Radio Plugger, are having a hard time proving the daffiness of these modern Dodgers. The fact is that, as far as the players are concerned, Brooklyn is now a carnival without a clown. Otherwise, though, it's the opposite—a lot of clowns without a carnival. For without doubt it has the most hysterical, the most ill-mannered, howling mob of fans since the days of Nero. The old good-natured argumentative Flock is gone, and in its place is a gathering of noisy, epithet-hurling, cowbell-banging, firecracker-throwing grandstand jitterbugs.

☆ FRANKLY, I suspect that professional exploiters have put over the Brooks. It all smells of Big Business—with the politicians and business men pitching in to cut in on the spoils. This year, when the club found it had handed out so many passes to its well-wishers and ballyhooers that there was danger the stands would be entirely filled with Chinamen (as such gate crashers are known), it tried to raise the price of the "service" charge of fifteen cents (plus 10c tax) on these oakleys to fifty cents (40 and 10)—and to sell them without a rain check.

That MacPhail means business and not sentiment at the box office is evidenced by the fact that when he remodeled the Ebbets Field stands, thousands of $1.10 seats were transformed into $1.65 reserved seats. The standard number of reserved seats now is around 9,000—and until recently, if a good team and a hot series came into town, overnight the price changed as if by magic. Some games find everything reserved except left field—and the apartment-house roofs back of it.

There are rumors that, should Brooklyn win its pennant, he will move the World Series to the more capacious Polo Grounds (Soldier Field in Chicago is a little too far).

But this is in the future. At present his ushers have absorbed the spirit and struggle with the paying guests for possession of foul balls hit into the stands. And if the fans (who really ought to be on the MacPhail payroll) keep going the way they have been, some one is going to build a wall around the borough and no one will be allowed out without a keeper. In fact, many honest folk born and bred in Brooklyn are now actually rooting for the Giants!

I don't wish Brooklyn any hard luck, but I hope they win the pennant. It will end their inferiority complex—and shut them up!

THE END

Ted Shane, well known humorist and ribber, takes several falls out of Brooklyn in general and the Dodgers in particular in this article, but when he says he "hates" Brooklyn—don't *you* fall for it. As for me, I *like* Brooklyn, and the Dodgers too. Larry MacPhail is trying to give the Borough a winning ball club, and he seems to be succeeding according to his lights. I know one thing—if Brooklyn wins the pennant, Liberty will be among the first to congratulate the Borough of Homes. And that, I think, goes for every other club in either league.

JACK DEMPSEY
Sports Editor of Liberty

Cruise

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY FRANK PAKIT

☆ HE thought he could have watched her hair forever, with the wind tossing it that way. She looked like a Valkyrie—no, a Valkyrie was a sort of Amazon. More like some one out of a legend having to do with the North Sea and ships with gay pennants flying from their masts. She had the blue eyes and the hair to go with a picture like that.

"You haven't even asked me if I'm married," she said, "and you've known me nearly three weeks."

"Well, are you?" he asked.

"No." She smiled.

"I'm amazed you've avoided it this long."

"But I might be an awful thing really. You don't even know me."

"Nonsense. I've known you at least two thousand years."

"Only as a cruise creature, though. You've never seen me battling with a million other stenos for a seat at a lunch counter."

"And you've never watched me eat pencils—I mean it—just like candy—trying to get an idea. I'm the guy who writes those ads about products you hardly ever hear of. So don't have any illusions, young lady. I want it understood I'm no millionaire."

"Of course," she said, "these vacation romances never amount to anything. People always promise to get together again, but they never do."

"Especially on a West Indies cruise," he said. "The atmosphere encourages that sort of thing. They tell me," he went on, "that girls only go on these cruises to meet a man."

"Not me." She shook her head piously. "I wanted to study the flora and fauna of the Antilles—and observe the quaint native life. So I went easy on lunches and stockings and saved my two dollars a week."

A mutter of thunder rolled across the ocean from the east. At the sound, her mood changed, her mouth growing grave.

"When I was a little girl I lived on the East Side—low down. I used to go to the dock and look down the river toward the bay, and when the wind would blow up I used to think about all the places it had been. I could imagine it blowing over sugar fields in Cuba, down the streets of Havana, across the ocean. I made up my mind to go some day to where the wind had been. Everything was so ugly where we lived—so smelly and dirty and noisy."

"And were you disappointed in Cuba?"

"Well—I learned something. I saw they had their own slums, and I realized I'd always find them no matter where I followed the wind. But there were beautiful things too—and I knew I'd find them wherever I went."

He grimaced. "Me—now that we're revealing our pasts—I was brought up in a little place out West. I used to watch the trains going East. They seemed like a river rushing along towards life and excitement—with me stuck on the bank. I could hardly wait to grow up."

"And were you disappointed in New York?"

"In a way. I guess I expected miracles. Then I realized New York was just like my home town, really—only bigger. You still had to make your own life. No one would make it for you anywhere."

They were silent for a while, until he remembered how little time was left. It was wrong, inhumanly wrong, for it to end when it was only beginning. The girl felt it, too. Love wasn't anything like they said. You couldn't have a gay little romance and then forget it. It wasn't joy or happiness—it was pain that only being together forever could ease.

"When I think of all the time we wasted," he said bitterly. "Three days at sea before we even met. . . ."

She took his hand. "Don't think about that. Remember the times together."

"I'd like to get a look at the West Indies sometime. This trip, all I could see was you."

She shivered. "Just look at that." A fork of lightning struck on the wall of the storm heads, piling up over the ocean's rim. "I simply don't believe it. It's a stage setting."

There was a smell of ozone in the wind. A strange wind—chilly yet sultry—blowing in little irritable gusts. The sky was an incredible shade of yellow, with masses of dead white clouds built over the eastern horizon. You could feel the pulse of sky and ocean quickening toward the convulsion to come, the vast rage that made waves as high as houses and wind to toss boats up on the Florida boulevards.

He took her shoulders and said, "Darling."

She turned. "That's the first time you've called me that."

Then they clung together desperately. It was a sort of pain.

"It can't end here!" he said.

"Well, summer romances"—she smiled in his arms—"you know what they say."

He groaned, trying to find the words.

"When you were a kid, did you ever think about death? Guess I was a morbid brat—I did sometimes."

"Were you afraid of it?"

"Scared as hell. Not the pain or anything, but the idea of being shut out of life, of dying before doing what I wanted to do."

She put her fingers over his lips. "Darling—let's talk about what we'd do if this were the beginning of vacation instead of the end."

"First," he said, "I'd ask you to marry me."

"And I'd say yes. What next?"

"I guess that's about all. Just can't think any further."

"Am I to consider this a proposal?"

"Yes. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, darling."

He crooked his finger under her chin. "You're not crying?"

She plunged her face into his chest. "I . . . I can't help it. I guess I'm not such—a good sport, after all. . . ."

It was then that he saw the ship. It was only a rusty little tramp, but it was sheer beauty to his eyes. He hadn't really hoped they'd still be looking for survivors from the El Palomar—especially two survivors clinging to a piece of wreckage.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ PROPOSED legislation will defer draft registrants over twenty-seven, but don't you think it would be only fair to discharge men over that limit who have already been drafted? The Army has stated that it *prefers* men under twenty-eight; therefore the Army should let the older men go. What's fair for one should be fair for another, and why should luck play such an important part in the lives of so many men?

Pvt. P. C., Camp Croft, S. C.

What was the original draft drawing but a huge lottery with luck putting some men at the top of the list and others at the bottom? During Senate discussion of the legislation Senator Vandenberg of Michigan asked, "Is that fair?" when told that men of twenty-eight and over already in service would serve out their year. Senator Hill of Alabama replied that a line had to be drawn somewhere. I agree that a lot of you men might never have had to go if your luck had been different, but you can't blame the Army for wanting to see a job through.

Isn't Fort Eustis in the same Army as the other camps? We read and hear about hostesses, dances, and shows . . . everywhere else. Our recreation now consists of one softball and bat for 500 men, old movies in an old building, and a concert by the post band twice a week. About all we can do is sit on our bunks and read, or listen on the radio to men in other camps being entertained and having fun. Are we the forgotten training center? All work and no play . . .

Pvt. M. S., Fort Eustis, Va.

You're no worse off than many other outfits and better off than a lot I could name. For a full discussion of your problem I suggest you read the article by Mr. Morris Markey, Camp Morale—What Goes On? in this same issue. It will be a revelation to most civilians, if not to you.

If the working wife of a drafted man is going to have a baby and can't work much longer, does her husband have to stay in the Army or can he get a discharge to come home and take care of her?

Mrs. I. F., New York City.

She should secure and supply her husband with every available proof and affidavit of her condition, inability to support herself, and need of his assistance, from doctors, municipal authorities, Red Cross, etc. He should then apply for discharge through regular channels.

In regard to the letter printed in June 7 Liberty about no flag at Camp Haan. On April 25 a seventy-five-foot flagpole, erected with funds donated by camp construction workers, was dedicated. This pole stands just north of camp headquarters and flies a flag every day from reveille to retreat. The flag is visible from most parts of the camp, although the camp is three miles long and in the battery areas the tents block the view. Of course it takes some of the newer arrivals a while to notice everything.

Erwin Clement, 1st Lt., CAC,
Public Relations Officer,
Camp Haan, Calif.

Thanks, Lieutenant, for the rebuttal. Many other letters, not as moderate as yours, suggested that Private N. K. B., who complained that there was no flag, (1) had spent all his time in the hoosegow, (2) had been blinded by the California sunshine, (3) was just plain dumb as well as blind.

An officer friend of mine, in active service, recently went to a funeral in full uniform. He was roundly criticized (behind his back) for doing so. Folks said it was showing off. What's Army etiquette on this point?

R. T. C., Teaneck, N. J.

Criticism was entirely unjustified. The officer was conforming to established custom and it was a mark of respect to appear dressed as he did.

I am of draft age, registered but not yet called. Is it possible for me to serve my draft period in the Navy instead of the Army? I prefer the Navy, but family affairs will not permit me to serve the six-year Navy term.

I'd like to serve even two years if I could do them in the Navy.

D. A. C., Boston, Mass.

As I write this, it's *not* possible; but persistent reports from Washington indicate that the Navy might at least *consider* the use of one-year men from Selective Service rolls, to provide the necessary man power for the expanding fleet. Of course the Navy would prefer six-year volunteers, but if they can't get enough of them, draftees might be the answer. In that case you could spend your year with the Army *or* the Navy.

During the course of a Saturday inspection an officer entered a room, attention was called, and the recruits snapped into it . . . all except one man who was sitting on a bench, smoking.

The officer stalked over to him. "Stand on your feet, mister. Take that cigarette out of your mouth. Wipe off that smile." The man looked bewildered but complied with all commands.

The officer then asked, "What outfit are you in?" The man said, "The East End Laundry, sir. I'm here to pick up your bag!"

Courtesy of Sgt. John J. Murray,
45th Air Base Sq.,
Selfridge Field, Mich.

"This is my draft number and this is my registration number and this is my sweepstakes ticket and this is my Social Security number and, wow, what a telephone number this is!"

Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—Ray Oglesby inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Luckies pay higher prices

"—to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N. C.

"LISTEN to the bidding at 'most any tobacco auction—and you'll see right fast that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter leaf. Like any smoker, that's the tobacco I want—so naturally, I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment!"

Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. No wonder that with independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite over all other brands combined. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Actors without Audiences

Can Hollywood Stars Learn How to Talk?

☆ "ALL right," said the director, "let's shoot!"

There were calls for silence, the studio quieted down. Tom Mitchell was sitting at a table, looking up at a young man. On the other side of the table sat a girl. She and the young man were staring at Tom Mitchell, evidently deeply concerned. The scene was the visiting room of a jail, and Tom Mitchell was an amiable college professor who, in the goodness of his heart, had committed a murder.

The director signaled for action.

"Did you see the man who bought the picture?" asked Tom.

The young fellow, his face slightly brighter, said he had indeed seen the man.

The director interrupted.

"Tom, you must have advised him previously to look up the man and square things."

"Ah, yes," said Mitchell, catching the idea at once. "I'll bring that out."

When they did the bit over again he made the point clear by emphasizing a single word.

"Did you *see* the man who bought the picture?"

A slight incident, you may think, but it illustrates several things characteristic of present tendencies in motion pictures. I shouldn't have been interviewing Mr. Mitchell that afternoon on the Warner lot if he weren't one of the best actors in Hollywood, one of the most all-around theater men in the United States. Only an experienced actor, trained in the theater, would have known where to put the accent in order to bring out the implication which the director asked for. Many actors, almost first rate, have got their training entirely in films, but films provide little training in speech. There are plenty of writers in Hollywood who can and do produce good dialogue, but if the actors haven't grown up in the theater, they are liable to recite their lines in a few Hollywood cadences which usually miss the sense, and frequently don't belong in the English language.

I was to talk to Tom Mitchell between shots, and had brought with me a number of questions, but after I heard him say, "Did you *see* the man," I stuck to one subject.

"Where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"The right emphasis to show you had previously discussed the picture buyer with the boy?"

"Oh," he laughed, "you just pick that up on the stage. When you want to put something across and feel the audience haven't got it, you try harder the next night, and the night after, until you've made the meaning foolproof. In the theater you can't afford not to be clear."

"But where do you pick up the technique for clearness?"

"From older actors, by listening to the way they do it, or by taking their advice. But chiefly by saying your lines over and over before different audiences."

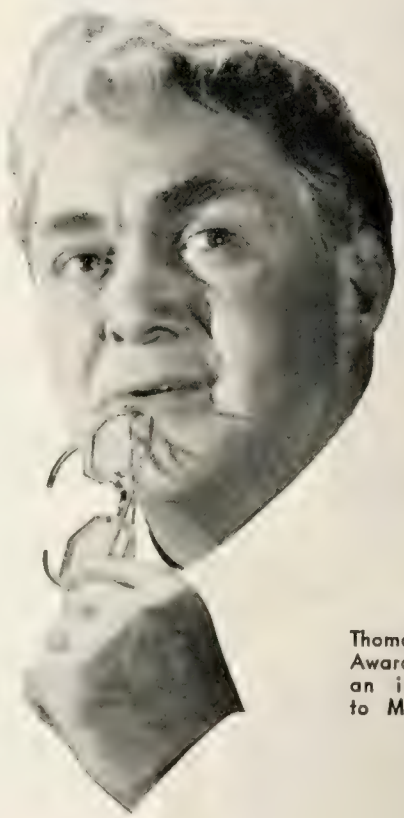
"Can the same thing be learned in pictures?"

He shook his head. "I doubt it. It isn't the audience you miss so much as the repeated performances before an audience. In pictures you have the criticism of the director, but you haven't got the plot of a play in your bones, as a run in the theater gives it to you, and it may be you won't see all your chances till after the picture is exhibiting."

I asked him how a young boy or girl starting out in pictures could learn to speak English properly. He reminded me that film novices are trained in correct pronunciation, or what Hollywood believes to be such, and that the pictures exert a powerful influence over popular speech throughout the country, but he admitted that the more subtle aspects of language are neglected, the inflections and varieties of emphasis which give words their meaning.

"I wonder myself how the young folk will ever learn to speak," he said. "That is, unless they get real stage experience. For the actor, there is certainly no school like experience and a lot of it."

He ought to know. I described him



Thomas Mitchell, Academy Award winner who gives an illuminating answer to Mr. Erskine's question.

Something a "tourist" appreciates

Whether you're a little "tourist," or a grown-up tourist there are times when nothing is so welcome as the familiar green and white sign of a Texaco *Registered* Rest Room

You can trust that sign. You know that it means, "Here is a rest room scrupulously neat. A rest room equipped with running water, towels and all the necessities for comfort and cleanliness."

Back of that spic-and-span cleanliness is the Texaco Dealer's pledge. And back of that pledge is the watchfulness of the "White Patrol"... inspection cars that constantly check each of the *Registered* Rest Rooms.

And, where you see the *Registered* Rest Room sign, you'll also find those two great gasolines, the famous Texaco *Fire Chief* and *SKY CHIEF*, the luxury motor fuel... and *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils. For your own comfort, for your motor's welfare... stop at the sign of the Texaco Star!

You're Welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: "Millions for Defense" All Star Radio Program every Wed. Night—Columbia Broadcasting System—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S.

as one of the most all-around theater men in the country. He knows the stage from every angle. He has been a successful dramatist, a producer, a manager, a director. He has acted in stock and repertory, vaudeville and in Shakespeare. It would be no great exaggeration to say that since the day he was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1895, he has spent all his time in the theater except for the brief period conceded to infancy and childhood. Except also for a brief experience with journalism on the Elizabeth Daily Journal, then edited by his brother, John A. Mitchell.

His early experience in stock kept him on the road in small towns, not a bad school for life and the theater. Then came New York. After he had acted for more than twenty years on Broadway, Paramount bought his play, Cloudy with Showers, and engaged him to do the script. His performance in Stagecoach, directed by John Ford, won him an Academy award.

In recent years we have seen him in a succession of important films, in Our Town, for example; in The Hunchback of Notre Dame; in Mr. Smith Goes to Washington; in Gone with the Wind. Since he is a consummate actor, he is in constant demand, but Hollywood doesn't call him a star —which may show that Hollywood knows the difference between stars and actors, or it may mean that Tom Mitchell, with his Irish shrewdness, wants to keep the privileges which in Hollywood a good actor enjoys.

"Hollywood has rich opportunities for an experienced actor with no overmarked characteristics," he told me.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, a very tall man, or a very stout one, or one with any unconcealable traits could naturally play only certain parts. But a well-equipped actor who is not typed has a chance at an immense variety of parts. Hollywood is a paradise for him."

"But only if he is well equipped," I put in.

That brought us back to where we started.

☆ "AN actor," he said, "is fortunate if he already has his training when he comes here. It's on the stage that he learns to speak—and perhaps to stand or walk or listen—in short, to act."

When I saw the picture he was then making, I noticed many illustrations of this all-round skill. I noticed particularly the eloquent variations in Tom Mitchell's walk. The amiable professor whom he impersonates, besides being a murderer, is a victim of heart disease, and under the stress of violent scenes he weakens physically. The walk shows it. When he approaches the villainess with the intention, as we know, of killing her, the walk is a double expression of both an iron will and a kind, reluctant heart. As he leaves the room after the killing, the walk says something quite different; there is a note of satisfaction in it, a note of resignation, even a touch of regret and defeat. Of course we imagine all these qualities in the actor's manner, but it's his art and his understanding of the situation which causes us to imagine just the right things.

"You believe an actor learns to speak properly only through experience on the stage," I said. "There's something about the conditions of film-making or something in the very nature of motion pictures which prevents an actor from learning how to speak properly, or which fails to compel him to learn. That 'something,' I understand, is connected with the absence of an audience. Would you say more on that point?"

☆ "WE could talk all day about it," said Mitchell. He thought a moment. "The cadence of the sentence is very important, but still more so, I suppose, is the ability to pronounce the individual words. At least, that's where speech starts. However monotonous the words are when inflection is lacking, they're no good at all if you can't hear and understand them. In the theater you reach for the ears in the back row. Even if the action of the scene demands that you speak with apparent softness, you must be heard. All of us who last out in the theater learn to put the voice forward on the lips and to open the mouth and sustain the sound by correct breathing. If the breathing isn't correct, the sound won't carry. But in films the microphone picks up every whisper—that is, it will pick up the whisper if it has a chance. You may have noticed some moments in a motion picture where neither the back row nor the front row catches the word. A consonant may come through, but the vowel isn't there. The actor, or in such cases more often the actress, is taking it so easy that the tone hasn't enough breath to ride on."

"In other words," said I, "the crooning method is used in speech as well as in song."

"That's not quite it," he said. "Crooning, whether you like it or not, is a form of singing, and in its own way it goes after the audience. I'm talking of a complete failure to do just that—go after the audience. An actor on the stage, like any other entertainer, must seize attention and hold it. If the audience gets away from him, he's done for. Across the footlights you can feel whether the audience is with you or whether you must try harder. If you lose them for a moment, you must get them back. If you're a bad actor, or an inexperienced one, you'll probably grab for their attention by exaggerations, by broadening your effects, by raising your voice and ranting. But, of course, the way to get any human being's attention is to offer something worth attending to. People watch acting and listen to speech if it is full of meaning. To catch their attention or recover it, you bring out by inflection every possible meaning in the lines. You can do this without speaking any louder, if you are already audible. Most often you can do it by speaking even less loud."

"And you don't think an actor can learn this art in the screen work?"

"How can he? The stage veteran with imagination and a good memory can speak into the microphone as though his audience were there. He can guess in advance the moods of the audience which some day will look at the picture. If he guesses right, the audience will feel that he is really there on the screen in person. When that is the result, picture art is at its best, but that won't be the result unless the actor has stage experience and remembers it and uses a lot of imagination."

After a little more talk Tom Mitchell came back to his memories of the stage with an observation more penetrating than I've heard in many a long day.

"In the theater as well as on the screen the playwrights, at least some of them, believe that the action must always keep moving—action in the physical sense. Some one dashes on the stage, some one dashes off, you must be getting up or sitting down. On occasions a face gets slapped or a pistol is fired.

"If our plays become permanently and exclusively active or agitated in the physical sense, the explanation may turn out to be the incompetence not of the dramatists but of the actors. After all, a playwright is under considerable obligation to provide the sort of thing his actors can do. Perhaps the influence of the screen on the theater will be so great that even the theater audience will eventually forgive an actor for ignorance of speech. Even now language doesn't count on the stage as it once did. If Shakespeare begins to bore us, the reason probably is that fewer and fewer of us know how to say his lines."

☆ HOW true Tom Mitchell's ideas are in their implied challenge to Hollywood, I have more reason to know, now that his new film is before the public.

When I talked with him on the set, the picture was titled Trial and Error. After I returned to New York, the studio kindly informed me that the title had been changed to Invitation to a Murder. When I saw the film it was called Flight from Destiny.

"Did you *see* the man?" That's the sentence on which Tom Mitchell and I based our whole talk. That's the sentence I put at the head of this article to show how beautifully, on a second attempt, he brought out the meaning by a single inflection.

But in the exhibited version of the picture, you won't find that inflection. The cutting room must have left it out. Perhaps the cutting room doesn't know how Tom Mitchell, by a mere inflection, made the beautiful improvement. Perhaps the cutting room isn't interested in sound. Visually, that first shot, the one the cutting room evidently preferred, is a fine picture. After all, what's the importance of language anyway?

THE END

Girl Meets Girl

With a South American Accent

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

☆ WHEN I went to South America, the thing that most astonished me was that none of the ladies dressed like Carmen Miranda. They wore, usually, the deceptively simple little black dresses that used to be associated with Paris. It was only in accessories and occasionally in the evening that the flair for color, for that bizarre effect was to be seen. It is therefore extraordinary that the bright colors, the turbans, the arrangement of earrings and necklaces have made so deep an imprint upon North American fashion.

Last summer, here in the U. S. A., shawls were revived and every one smiled nostalgically and asked if you remembered when Spanish shawls were the rage. Of course you did. If you had a Spanish shawl, it doubled—it was draped with elegance over the piano when it wasn't draped with elegance over you.

Still, the renaissance of shawls never quite caught on. But turbans, another South American import, caught on and never let go.

There were also the supposedly South American blouses with ample sleeves, ruffled like the drummer's in the rumba band. Even the daintiest of blondes wore these and yards of colored beadage around the throat, although no lady from Brazil, or thereabouts, would consider wearing one.

Now that the first fine careless rapture has subsided here, an assortment of clever and colorful accessories are available, all with the definite South American accent, but translated in a wearable way.

For a splendid example of the above, hasten to Hattie Carnegie's. There they show a good-sized square of tulle which is to be worn over the head, almost a modified mantilla. It ties at the neck with a little bow of black velvet. The tulle frames the face angelically, and somewhere around the left ear is a large luscious rose. They come in several colors—mine is black with a pale pink rose, and I've gotten much favorable comment each time I've worn it, as it's so practical: keeps the head looking coifed, and that flower over an ear is outrageously flattering, even after a big week-end. ($7.50 at Hattie Carnegie's, 42 East Forty-ninth Street.)

Also at Carnegie's, and also for $7.50, are huge scarfs in a pattern that is South American Paisley. One of these would work wonders with a monotone dress. You could knot it casually over the shoulders or on your head or, best trick of all, around your waist and on to the hips.

For necklaces, look at Bloomingdale's. They have rainbow-hued strands at $1 each. Twist two or three, of varying lengths. They have, as well, necklaces made of coral and clay shaped like fantastic flowers. These cost $2.98 and couldn't be more glamorful. (Bloomingdale's, Fifty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue.)

You can look as if you'd just returned from Rio or a similar sunny shore if you use Rico Tan Town and Country Lotion, by Helena Rubinstein. This is the richest shade of this famous foundation. Wear it—*sans* powder if you want to look like a native. ($1.50 at Helena Rubinstein's, 715 Fifth Avenue.)

So much for South Americana for the moment. Let's look round and see what is new and different at home.

No one would mind being left holding the bag, if it was the newest Saks pocketbook—an overgrown envelope made of colorless plastic over chalk-white piqué. It has a margin of plastic in red, or a sharp blue, or Kelly green, with three towering initials in the same color. Really terrific! ($3 at Saks-Fifth Avenue, Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue.)

The brand-newest fashion in sleepwear is the very brief pants and bra, to be worn instead of a nightgown or pajama. In all colors and printed with tropical flowers. ($1.98 at Kayser's, 701 Fifth Avenue.)

If you are at home or abroad and for some reason can't make the hairdresser, or don't feel like "wet-washing" your head—Minipoo is for you. This is a pleasant powder which you put on your hair and then vigorously brush out (all the dust and dullness go too). As a final fillip, wrap the hairbrush in an old silk stocking and brush your hair. The silk polishes your tresses. (Minipoo, $1, at Macy's, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway.)

Memos on My Mirror: Try touches of black velvet with a chaste white dress—narrow black velvet ribands round each wrist and a fresh white flower pinned to one . . . or black velvet buttons on a white linen suit. . . . With town black, perhaps a skullcap of black velvet and a white flower on a bobby pin to hold it to your head.

Collect old teacups and plant ivy in them. A row along a window ledge would be charming, or if you find some sea shells by the seaside, treat them in the same manner.

Crochet a pair of white mitts for your hands and a white snood for your hair (very easy), and put both on for rides in open cars. The snood because it's sensible, and the mitts because they're silly.

Wear three linen handkerchiefs in ice-cream colors in the pocket of your jacket; for instance, a raspberry, a pistachio, and a vanilla.

Buy your beau (or beaux) a linen strap for his wrist watch.

Do write a long, laughing letter to your favorite draftee and tell him that you miss him, and see if he won't send you an army button for your bracelet.

Keep a scrapbook, bulging with memorabilia of this summer. There is something sweet about capturing the essence of a good gay time in post cards and snapshots, in match covers and clippings, in programs and complete nonsense—which forever after will mean Summer-1941 to you.

Coming soon in Girl Meets Girl—a potpourri of the author's pet places, persons, and patter. Watch for it!

"This is where you get off," Jo was told as they came to the door. "And don't come back."

☆ JO LANG, dismissed from her job as music teacher in a school in Nevada because of an innocuous but highly publicized incident involving a pupil to whom she gave a cigarette, meets Dick Stowe, a young aviation engineer, on an eastbound bus. Jo gets off at St. Paul on business, but promises to meet Dick in New York, and writes his address on the flap of an empty envelope which fell from his bag.

This envelope, unknown to Jo and Dick, is dynamite. On it are traced, in invisible ink, some plans of an airplane device which Dick's firm, the Corbus Company, has taken this means of sending to its New York office. After Jo leaves the bus, Dick is drugged by an innocent-seeming old couple, and his bag is stolen. In New York, Jo is trailed by the couple, also by a large man and a mannish-looking woman. She too is given a drugged drink and her bag and room are searched. She does not know what she has that any one could possibly want until she meets Dick and he tells her the story of the envelope and asks her for it. Then she recalls that she gave it to the bridegroom at a wedding reception at which she had played the piano; he had wanted something on which to write an address. It was at this reception that Jo had received her drugged drink.

Jo and Dick hunt for the bridegroom and find him in a hotel room, dead, a knife in his body. At the risk of being caught and held for the murder, they stay to hunt for the envelope, but cannot find it. Dick leaves to go to his office to tell his manager the incredible story. Jo starts for her boardinghouse and is followed from the hotel lobby by the large man and the mannish-looking woman. While she is in a telephone booth in a drugstore, the man tries to chloroform her; but when she tells her story to the store's manager, he will not believe her. After all, the woman points out to him, Jo is the teacher whose disgraceful conduct made a newspaper scandal!

Jo walks up Broadway, still trailed by the pair. Finally she is caught in the crowd around Teddy Halloran's microphone—he is broadcasting his Daily Census of Love program. Teddy recognizes her as the little schoolteacher from Nevada and asks her to speak on the program. She agrees and gets through a message to Dick Stowe—giving his telephone number—that she is sorry for their quarrel and will wait for him on the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Broadway. She hopes that some one—interested in patching up what seems like a lovers' quarrel—will telephone and tell him where she is.

But she finds she can't wait there, after all. The man and woman are closing in on her. Panic-stricken, she goes on up Broadway, and finally settles down to a game of chess in a game emporium. She hopes to stay there until Dick comes,

New dangers quicken the story of a girl's amazing adventure

Footsteps Behind Her

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

The man in the gray felt hat stood leaning against a door. Next to him was the woman.

BY MITCHELL WILSON

but soon suspects that she can't. For she sees the woman talking to one of the men who work there.

PART SEVEN—ARRESTED FOR MURDER!

☆ THE man would listen to her for a few seconds, and then answer. Finally the woman walked out of the back entrance and on through a hallway. Jo saw her come out to the street again a few doors down. She crossed to the newsstand and spoke to the tall man in the gray hat. He nodded and went back to his paper.

"Look," Jo pleaded with the chessplayer. "I have to stay here. I'm waiting for some one, so you'll have to play with me. It's important."

"You can wait," he told her casually. "Wait any place you want. You didn't make a date to meet somebody at the chess table; I can see that."

"That's not the point," Jo persisted. She kept her eyes on the two outside. "I told some one that I'd meet him on the corner, and if I sit here I can see when he comes along. I'm afraid to go outside alone."

The chessplayer twisted uncomfortably in his seat.

"Look, lady," he said reasonably. "We all got our troubles. I don't know exactly what's biting you, but I can see it's bad enough to scare you. But I'm supposed to play chess. I got my customers to worry about. My job depends on it. And losing my job scares me more than anything else."

Jo looked up. The two people were no longer at the newsstand. They were no longer in sight. Their disappearance was a frightening thing to Jo. It meant the preparation for a new attack on her. And she couldn't tell now in what shape it would come, or even from what quarter.

"But I'm willing to pay for the time I sit here," Jo told him. "What difference does it make to the management . . ."

"Anything wrong, Gus?"

The deep, easy voice came from behind Jo. She turned and saw the man who had been speaking to the woman in the back of the store. He had a heavy bulbous face and wore a shiny blue suit that was too tight for his large shoulders and heavy thighs.

The chessplayer looked at Jo dubiously and hesitated before he said anything.

"Nothing special, Moe," he replied at last. He tried to avoid Jo's gaze. She knew that he was trying to protect her. "Not what you'd call real trouble."

Moe made no sign of being satisfied with the explanation. Jo wondered if he would be satisfied with any.

"That's all I wanted to know," he said. "So she's started up with you already, has she?"

"Started what?" Jo demanded. She tried to get up, but the man rested his hands on her shoulders. His strength held her as though she were trying to rise against a dead weight.

"It's nothing very much, Moe," the chessplayer said. He seemed surprised at the other's insistence. "It's just . . ."

"I know all about her, kid. Leave it to me. She's strictly phony and she's looking for trouble, that's all. She always starts on little guys like you—making chumps out of guys. But don't worry; I got on to her just in time. On your way, miss. We don't want your business."

"Let's talk to the manager about this," said Jo. "I know who spoke to you, and I know the lies she told you, I saw the two of you talking there

in the back. She's the one you want to look out for. Now I want to see the manager."

She looked up into the man's face. He was hardly listening to what she was saying. The line of his mouth was unchanged, his eyes were unperturbed.

"I'm the manager, lady, and I don't want any trouble from you. You'll walk out by yourself, or the cop on the corner will escort you out."

The chessplayer turned to Jo with bitter resentment in his eyes.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said to her. "Trying to make trouble for me! Listen. All I got in the world is my job, and you got no right to make trouble for me after getting me to go to bat for you."

"You're wrong," Jo protested. "I give you my word . . ."

"Up, miss," said the manager. He put his hands under her arms and lifted her to her feet. "And out."

He led her to the door. The two high-school boys were still leaning on the record machine. A familiar voice crooned out of the loud-speaker, making clouds of sound which floated through the huge place.

". . . while a cigarette was burning . . ."

"That's the old Bing," one of the boys sighed. "You know, I wonder if Caruso was really any good. I mean but good."

"This is where you get off," Jo was told as they came to the door. "And don't come back."

He gave her a little shove and she was outside once more.

☆ THE shadows had crept across the street and long patches of sunlight lay along the sidewalk. The trolleys were crowded now on the uptown track, where they had been empty before. Jo was hungry. She hadn't eaten since morning when she had breakfasted with Dick. She hoped that he might come along soon, and turned to look downtown for him.

The man in the gray felt hat stood leaning against a door that was marked DANCING SCHOOL. Next to him was the woman. They stood watching her. The man, with his paper rolled up under his arm, walked out to the sidewalk, and the woman followed him. There was nothing for Jo to do but turn and continue on uptown, with the crooning voice from the loud-speaker trailing her.

It reminded her of something Dick had said that morning just before they had entered the hotel.

"Whenever any one hears a song with the word 'cigarette' in the title, it means you."

And yet, it needn't necessarily. Not many people remembered what she looked like. A face one sees in the newspapers makes only a fleeting impression and, unless it happens to catch on to some hook in the memory, it's gone as soon as the page is turned.

She noticed that the music stores which she had passed were playing the same song that they had played a few hours ago when she was on her way to the hotel. Apparently they placed the record on the turntable and a repeating mechanism started it again as soon as it was over. It took a machine, which was deaf, to do it, because no sane person would consciously inflict such agony on himself.

And yet, it had a meaning for her. The observation stuck in her mind the way threads of wool adhere to a calloused hand which strokes it. It had the attraction of possible use.

She walked into the next music store she came to. It was a small narrow shop. The walls were lined with sheet music and records, making a bizarre pattern for wallpaper. At regular diagonal intervals were small portable radios apparently glued to the wall. They were all tuned very quietly to different stations, and only when Jo was directly in front could she hear them as though in a discreet whisper.

The salesman behind the counter at the back of the store was snappily dressed. His mustache was waxed, but the points were becoming undone.

☆ "I KNEW you the minute you walked in," he said, smiling. His voice was friendly and disarming. "You didn't fool me for a minute."

"You *do* know me?"

"Sure I do. I looked at you, and I asked myself, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, or Bob Crosby? You don't even have to tell me," he went on. "You're Dorsey from the ground up."

"Am I?" Jo asked. "But I suppose I am." She looked up at him with a straight, serious face. "I go all out for Tommy. But all out. What have you got that's new?"

"Everything. We got every platter that was ever made. What d'you want?"

"I want something good in Two Cigarettes in the Dark. Not too loud, of course. Perhaps a little bit on the conservative side."

He tapped a point of his mustache. "I know what you want." He bent down behind the counter. "Here're a few." He laid them before her. "Take them into the booth in the back and see what you like."

He pointed to a small cubicle hardly larger than a telephone booth.

"No," Jo said; "not in there."

The man and woman were staring in through the window. Jo glanced at them and then back at the booth.

"I don't feel comfortable in places like that," Jo said. She looked at him silently for a moment. "You don't have a rear entrance to this place, do you?"

He stared at her doubtfully. "Why, no, miss, we don't." He assayed her in his turn. "We got a restroom you might use," he said slowly.

Jo shook her head. "About the record; haven't you got a machine out here?"

"Only the one with the loud-speaker."

"That'll do."

He stopped the machine and replaced the record. After a moment the melody came out, very clear and loud.

"Has this one got a vocal?" Jo asked.

"Four—the Quarternote Quartet."

"Make it a little louder," Jo said. "I don't hear so well."

"Anything you say," he shouted back at her. He turned up the volume. The poignant melody screamed and blared until it sounded like a call to arms.

"Can you hear it?" the salesman yelled to her.

Jo nodded back calmly. After another chorus the clerk switched off the speaker inside the store; but the one outside, above the door, which was focused on the street, continued to hurl the song across Longacre Square.

"What d'you think of it?"

"It's just what I want," Jo told him. "But I don't want to carry it around with me. My fiancé will be along to pick it up. He'll ask about the song, and you tell him it's the one I want."

He nodded affably, and Jo left the store with the record screaming after her. As she came out, the man and woman were waiting about thirty feet away.

She didn't even hesitate this time, but turned uptown at once. She knew what she must do now. It was the only way to leave a trail which Dick might find.

She stopped at every music shop she saw on that side of Broadway. But beyond Fifty-second Street she found they were becoming scarce. The last music store she went into was on Fifty-fifth Street.

She had already picked out the record. The street speaker boomed out the song at full blast. But as soon as the speaker in the store was cut off, one of the little radios which was giving out a news broadcast became audible:

". . . and in connection with the murder of Dr. Francis Grogan at a midtown hotel, police officials report that Richard Stowe, twenty-eight, an engineer, was accused and taken into custody when he appeared at the airplane firm where he was employed. Stowe is said to have as an accomplice a young woman named Jo Lang, who is still at large."

The voice came out very discreetly from the tiny radio, but the clerk ignored it.

"How soon do you think your fiancé will be along?" he asked Jo.

She didn't even hear him, but walked blindly out of the store. The one thing that had kept up her spirits all that afternoon was that she was leaving a trail for Dick. She had left the trail all right, but there was no one to follow it. She was completely alone.

Some distance away stood the two people. They appeared to be very patient and placid.

☆ WHEN Dick left Jo in the hotel lobby, he made straight for a cab and was driven to the Corbus Company.

The guard at the door of the old loft building stared at him blankly as

(Continued on page 40)

You're missing something!

if you're not on his calling list!

YOU'RE missing the cheerful, courteous service of a man whose job it is to help you make all your family's foods more wholesome, more healthful, and more economical.

You're missing the finest in food protection—modern air-conditioned Ice refrigeration.

You're missing dollars—so useful elsewhere in the home.

You're missing the comfort and convenience of always having plenty of pure, sparkling, *taste-free* ice on hand for beverages.

When an Ice Crusader serves you, you're served by a gentleman—a capable, trained man who represents a great American industry.

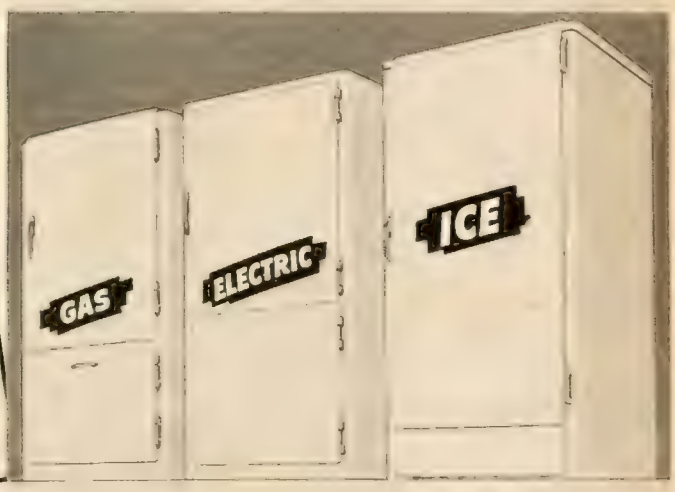
And you're missing something, indeed, if you're not on his calling list.

THE ICE CRUSADERS OF AMERICA

A nationwide organization of Ice Company employees—pledged to the manufacture of pure, crystal-clear ice and to rendering clean, courteous, careful service to America's homes and places of business.

THE ICE CRUSADERS OF AMERICA CHALLENGE YOU TO LOOK AT ALL 3!

Before you buy any refrigerator get the facts about all 3 types—then choose. We challenge you to match the 1941 air-conditioned ICE refrigerator in sheer food-keeping ability—in its provision of both proper moisture and clean-washed air, in addition to constant cold. We challenge you to match its economy—its freedom from breakdown, from defrosting and from noise.



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FOR PERFECT REFRIGERATION

Cold alone is not enough... **USE ICE!**

(*Continued from page 38*)

Dick walked past. Even old Gasset, who worked the elevator, kept looking at him with a horrified fascination. The little portable radio was jabbering away in a mushy masculine voice:

". . . the Continental Loan Company presents Teddy Halloran . . ." and then went off into a spasm of coughing as the elevator handle started the car.

"Hear that noise?" Gasset asked querulously. "Every time I stop or start this elevator, the darned old radio sounds as though it were going to blow up. Listen."

The announcer's voice came through again:

". . . This is Teddy Halloran, and his Daily Census of Love . . ."

Gasset threw the elevator switch and the car stopped. Teddy Halloran's voice became an inarticulate gasping, the sense completely garbled by the static. Dick shifted his weight in impatience. In a few seconds the static died away and the radio became clear again.

" . . . my sponsor wants to be . . ."

"And then I start it," Gasset said, and as the car began its climb, it sent the voice into another spasm of interference.

"And then I stop," said Gasset, suiting the action to the word.

"Look," said Dick. "I'm in a rush. I tell you what I'll do. If you take me up without torturing me this way, I'll fix the elevator motor with a couple of condensers so that the starting and stopping won't bother you."

☆ "CAN you really fix it?" Gasset asked. "Will you do it now? Before you go away? I'll take you downstairs where the motor is, and then you can fix it. When you're through fixing it you can go up and see Wharton and whoever else you care to."

Dick was furious with impatience.

"Not now!" he said. "I can't. Some other time."

"How do I know you'll be here?" Gasset asked suspiciously. He started the car again sullenly.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" Dick asked.

Gasset shut his mouth tight.

"I wouldn't know, Mr. Stowe," he said succinctly. "How should an old man like me know anything?"

The car stopped at Dick's floor. Gasset halted him just as he was about to step out.

"Wait a minute," he pleaded. "Maybe you can explain it to me, so that I could fix it myself in case you're not here any more. Of course," he went on with an elaborate gesture, "you'll be here. They're not going to do anything to you. That's all nonsense. This is only just in case . . ."

"Wait until I come out," Dick told him. "When I'm through here, I'll come out and show you what to do."

Dick crossed the narrow hall and opened the door to Wharton's office. There were two men inside—Wharton and a heavy-set stranger. Wharton looked up at the interruption.

"Sorry to break in, Mr. Wharton," said Dick. "But I'd like to talk to you."

Wharton's naturally cold face took on an excitement. "Come in, Stowe," he said. "You're just in time."

He nodded to his companion. "This is Mr. Corio—Detective Corio of the Homicide Squad. Corio, this is Richard Stowe."

"How do you do?" said Corio, stretching out his hand. Dick extended his to grasp it, and felt a piece of cold steel brush his wrist. He looked down and saw a handcuff on it.

"That's for the murder of one Dr. F. X. Grogan," Corio said pleasantly.

He was short and very broad. His hair was cut *en brosse*, and the graying stubble stood militant guard around the pink bald spot at the top of his skull. His gray eyes were almost round in shape and gave him an air of perplexed wonderment.

"You can also add to that list, stealing airplane plans, being a spy, a liar, and an impostor," Wharton said. "Why the understatement?"

"Suppose I talk to you for a little while," said Dick. "I can clear this whole thing up. And besides, I came here because I need your help to find the people who murdered this F. X. Grogan, stole the plans, and, in short, committed all the et cetera."

Corio lighted a tiny cigar and waved a hand generously.

"Talk all you want. But fix up your story so that it includes the facts that you chased all over New York trying to find out where this guy was staying, that you beat up his father-in-law in the process, that you finally track this guy down in his hotel room and slap a knife into his guts. Explain also how it happened that a bellboy delivered a paper to him *while* you were in the room, so that his health must have been good at the time, and two minutes after you leave the guy his wife shows up and discovers that she's been married to a corpse. If you can tell me that kind of a story that *doesn't* send you to the chair, then your name is Scheherazade, and in that case I'll have you sent up for impersonation and fraud!"

Dick's lips were dry and he moistened them several times before putting a cigarette between them. He turned to Wharton's bleak eyes.

☆ "IT goes like this," Dick said. "That girl who walked in here this morning was Jo Lang."

"I guessed that," Wharton grunted. "As soon as you walked out and didn't come back, I knew who she was. And now, tell us, who are you? Are you really Stowe?"

"Of course I am. The reason I didn't turn the girl over was that I was pretty sure she couldn't have stolen the plans, but I wanted to be certain. As a matter of fact, it was pure accident that she had the paper. After all, I had no idea what was on it. Jo took it from me so that she could put my address down, and I let her have it. Then she handed it over to this Grogan at the wedding last night when he wanted to write down an address."

"Well, where's the paper now?" Wharton demanded.

The elevator door clanged open and Gasset came running into the room. He was carrying the portable radio in his hand. The loud-speaker was still chattering with the most recent attack of static, but finally they could hear a man's voice saying: "You ought to know the great listening audience. Somebody's bound to hear it and tell your boy friend. After all, that's the theory on which broadcasting is based. . . ."

"Get that thing out of here!" Wharton roared.

"But listen to it," Gasset pleaded.

"It sounds perfect to me," Wharton went on. He walked over to the radio and snapped it off. "You ought to know better than to come in here with your radio when I'm busy."

"You shouldn't have turned it off!" Gasset wailed. "Now it'll take a few minutes for it to heat up again."

Wharton picked up the machine, thrust it into the babbling old man's arms, and shoved him out of the room. They could hear his pleading voice for a moment, and then it died away.

☆ WHARTON turned to Dick. "Where are those plans?" he repeated.

"The old couple on the bus—the people who took my bag—must have them. Jo and I traced Grogan to the hotel, exactly as Mr. Corio says. But he was dead when we got there. Jo and I went through his things, and that's when the bellhop came in; but all he did was to toss a paper into the dead man's lap without even bothering to see who was sitting there. Nevertheless, we searched everywhere and couldn't find a trace of the envelope. When we left, I found out that the old couple had just left Grogan before we arrived. It's obvious that they must have killed him. As soon as I saw that the plans were gone, I realized that just the two of us couldn't do anything any more. That's why I came back here for help."

"Where's the girl now?" Corio asked.

"I told her to go to a movie for a while, and then to go home. I thought she'd be safer where people could see her."

Corio exhaled smoke with a blast. "Well . . . it's not too much of a story. All it boils down to is this: I didn't do it." He shrugged and drew a small newspaper clipping from his pocket. It was a photograph, and he handed it to Wharton.

"Is this the girl who was in here this morning?" he asked.

Wharton nodded. Dick picked up the picture. It had been cut from a tabloid. The caption read, "Teacher Taught Turpitude," and underneath it said, "Miss Josephine Lang." It wasn't a very good picture.

"That's Jo," Dick admitted.

The door opened again, and Gasset stalked in with his radio.

"I won't be put off!" he said ex-

citedly. "Won't somebody listen? I know it's important."

". . . I don't care how rich you are," the radio said. "The Continental Loan Company knows you need money. This is Teddy Halloran . . ."

"Gasset," Wharton said wearily, "get out!"

"No!" The old man's voice was almost falsetto with excitement. "Listen. Please, *please* listen!"

". . . Let's talk to somebody else now," Teddy Halloran said briskly. "Hey, you with the hat on . . ."

"She's gone," Gasset sighed. He seemed to shrink and dwindle. "She must have gone when I stopped the elevator."

"Who's gone?" Wharton demanded. "Please make sense."

Gasset turned to Dick. "She said your name was Dick Stowe," he said triumphantly. "She said she loves you and she'll wait on the northwest corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, but you got to hurry."

"Who said that?" Dick demanded.

"A girl named Jo Lang. Was that the young lady who was here this morning?"

Wharton stared wildly about—at Gasset's pride, Corio's round-eyed disdain, and Dick's excitement.

"What kind of a story is this?" he asked. "Exactly what happened?"

"It's this program I always listen to," Gasset explained carefully. "This guy gets on who asks people on the street all about themselves. A few minutes ago this girl gets on, and this guy asks her about herself. Well, this girl says she's Jo Lang, like I said, but she also says you got to hurry."

"In that case, Corio, take this bracelet off my wrist," Dick said. "I've got to get over there fast. I'm sorry I couldn't convince you, but maybe we can get together some other time and come to an understanding."

☆ "RELAX, son," Corio told him. "I've seen too many important telephone calls that were stalls. I admit this is a new twist, but the department isn't handing out any prizes for originality. We'll do our talking now and look up your girl friend some other time. Any girl who can work up such an interest over a little fifteen-year-old kid ought to be able to keep herself very busy in a city of three million grown men."

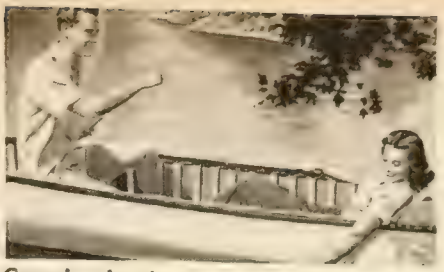
"How'd you like to have me push your face in?" Dick said angrily. "Law or no law!"

"I wouldn't like it at all," Corio replied promptly. "Do I strike you as looking like a dope?"

"Then lay off Jo. You ought to be smart enough to see that this is just a smear to make a story. Besides, she's in trouble. Those people are killers—you've already seen that—and Jo is absolutely unprotected."

Corio licked a loose leaf on his cigar and pasted it back into place.

"If what you said is true—that these old people already have the plans—then what more can they want? Does this girl friend of yours bulge with secrets that can be taken only one at



Canoeing, boating—water sports of any sort—are great fun and great for your health. But the hot sun bakes your hair and scalp—leaves your hair parched, dry and lifeless.

Your plunge completes the damage—leaves your hair a social disaster. Natural oils are washed away. Your hair dries out lustreless and unresponsive to your comb and brush.

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2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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No matter what your activities, remember that the broiling sun is an enemy of your hair! Its blazing rays bake your hair—leave it dull and brittle. And then, your shower or swim washes away natural scalp oils—leaves your hair a dry, unmanageable wreck!

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Get Vitalis today. Make the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" a regular "follow-up" to your summer days and sports—an assurance of healthier, handsomer hair!

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a time? Don't worry, though; I'll send a squad car over there right now to pick her up."

"Let me go along," Dick pleaded. "What's the difference? And if you come along too, then you can still keep these things on me. I can't get away. Just pretend that it's on the way downtown."

Corio appeared to be undecided.

"Give him his chance," Wharton said. "There may be something to what he claims."

"Come along," said Corio to Dick.

The squad car went uptown at a good speed. In twenty minutes they were at Forty-sixth Street and Broadway.

"We'll get out here and walk up faster than you can drive," Corio told the driver. "Wait for us up at the square near the statue."

He tossed his topcoat over his arm, hiding the bracelets.

"I hate to be seen with these damn things," he admitted to Dick. "People always think that I'm the crook instead of the detective."

They walked as rapidly as they could along the crowded avenue; but now they had no siren to break way for them, and the impetus of the initial dash from downtown was lost immediately in the viscous procession. They moved no faster than if they had been sightseers. Every time Dick tried to run ahead, Corio held him back with the bracelets. There wasn't room for two of them abreast to squeeze between people, and Corio apparently resented the idea of being dragged along.

"Let me lead you," he suggested to Dick. "There's no reason for me to tag behind and look guilty."

☆ BY the time they reached Forty-seventh Street not only was there no sign of Jo—there wasn't a trace of the crowd which usually gathers around a sidewalk broadcast. Dick looked down Forty-seventh Street toward Eighth Avenue, but saw no one who even remotely resembled Jo. As for trying to see any one on Broadway who was farther off than fifteen feet . . . it was impossible.

"Well, well, well," Corio said. "What d'you know about that? I thought she was willing to wait for you forever?"

"I don't get it," Dick confessed. "Gasset couldn't have been lying about it, and I can't imagine who, besides Jo, could have sent such a message. I have no way of knowing whether or not is *was* Jo, since I didn't hear any voice, but I swear that I don't understand it."

"Well," said Corio, "now that we're up here, let's stop in and get a soda before we go downtown. It'll be playing hell with regulations, but we've broken enough so far that one or two more won't make much difference."

"Stop playing around!" Dick said shortly. The crowds about him were oppressive. There seemed some hidden purpose to all their apparently aimless shoving, just as there must be to Corio's indifference to human emotions. Fundamentally Corio disliked people. These casual remarks he made, which might be taken to be burlesques of normal expression, were expressive of a deep contempt for the human race. Nothing it did could be admired; no rule or law it passed which could not be flouted in some little way to make it ridiculous.

"Somebody must have seen this broadcast taking place," Dick said. "Let's try this clothing store. They're exactly on the corner."

The store was nearly empty, and the long tables stretched in ordered rows. A salesman came up to them, an eager look on his face.

"Something I can do?" he asked.

"Yes," Dick replied. "Was there a broadcast a little while ago on the street outside?"

"Sure; there's one every day. It's Teddy Halloran for the Continental Loan. My wife listens to him—I never do."

"Did you happen to notice a girl outside this place during the last few minutes who looked like this?"

☆ DICK held out his hand for Corio's clipping of Jo's picture, and the handcuffs glinted into view. The salesman turned a little pale. Corio stolidly fumbled through his pockets for the picture, and Dick snapped his fingers impatiently. The salesman was all on the side of the law and he stepped up to Corio.

"Come across with that picture, you rat!"

Corio looked up in amazement. He handed the picture to Dick mechanically, but he stared balefully at the salesman.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded. "What did I do?"

The salesman ignored him and stared at the picture.

"Never saw her, chief," he said smartly to Dick. "She hasn't been in the store, and it's impossible to look into the show windows from inside unless we remove the backs of the cases."

"Thanks, rat," Corio snapped, taking back the picture. "That's all we wanted from you," he went on sweetly. "And the next time you go around insulting detectives for no good reason except your passion for licking the feet of authority, you're liable to find yourself picking violations out of your eyebrows." He turned to Dick and nodded him out. "On your way, murderer!"

The salesman, his face the color of a beet, disappeared behind the counter like the sun sinking in the sea at the end of a travelogue.

"There's a theater a third of the way up the street to Forty-eighth," Corio said. "Let's ask the doorman if he saw anything—and let *me* do the talking this time."

Will Dick and Corio be able to find Jo before her enemies close in on her? Can Dick establish his innocence of the murder of Dr. Grogan? The pace quickens and excitement runs high in next week's chapter. Don't miss it!

and George could get along all right.

But I didn't want it that way. Singing here and going back to stand with George while Eddie played to me . . . bringing our dreams together all over again every night . . . that was right. Going to a strange place in Boston, going on with the wandering that had been Eddie's life before he came to me—the restlessness he'd said was ended because of me—that was wrong. And knowing Janet Stuart was waiting on Beacon Hill to pounce on him didn't help.

☆ GEORGE gave us a big send-off and we had fun on the trip to Boston. It's easy to have fun with Eddie. You meet people on the train when you're with him, and hotel clerks give you grand rooms, and waiters rush with matches and extra butter. Eddie said it was me, but I didn't think so. And after our first night at the hotel in Boston, I knew it was just Eddie, because when we had dinner he went up and played with the orchestra, and from then on nothing was good enough for us.

In so many ways like that it was our honeymoon all over again—the fun, the feeling that being together was something that had been lying in wait for us all our lives, the looking forward to tomorrows that doubled the happiness we went to sleep on.

And then we were showing up at the Portal for our first rehearsal, and all my fears came back again.

It was such a big ornate place; and the piano they had for Eddie was gold instead of white, with ugly paste diamonds stuck all over it; and the manager, Harry Prouter, was a thin tight-lipped sort of person, all business, looking at us as if all he saw was how many customers we could pull in.

"I think everything'll go very smoothly," he told us. "Of course, your routine'll have to be changed from the way I caught it at the Colonie."

"I don't get you," Eddie said.

But I got him. And I wanted to hammer the Anvil Chorus right out on his narrow chest. Because our routine meant the same thing to me that a park bench means to you, or that little red leather booth at the cocktail bar, or that swinging gate.

When Eddie'd come into the Colonie that first night, I'd just finished a song, and I was standing by the door to greet customers, and he simply wandered in and spoke to me. And that had been our routine ever since. That spot where he came in and asked to play the piano and went on from there was the old apple tree on memory lane to me.

And now this Harry Prouter was saying, "No strolling between the tables while you sing, April; no finish by the entrance; nothing informal. The whole show is strictly class. Eddie—you're coming on from the wings—white tie, tails. . . ."

Tails for Eddie! He'd *always* played in those baggy clothes he'd worn into my life.

"It's your club, Prouter," Eddie said. "But I don't know how it's going to work out. We've always done it the . . ."

"Forget it." Harry Prouter whiffed tight threads of smoke from those long nostrils of his. "I won't have my club corned up with that street-singer technique."

Eddie's lips twitched. When I took his arm I felt muscle rippling toward trouble. But my fingers squeezed it back and pretty soon we were out in the air again.

We couldn't say anything on the way back to the hotel, but when we got up to our room Eddie took me in his arms, and it didn't seem so bad for a few moments.

"I'm sorry, lady," he said. "I didn't figure on that one."

"It's all right," I said. "It's show business."

"And you're a trouper." He moved back till his fingertips were on my shoulders, and he gave me a tender little smile—the kind I can't take without going all schoolgirl. "But you're a different sort of trouper," he said slowly. "You and your old-fashioned stews and your ideas about living the way regular people live, out where men chase eight-fifteen trains and women only sing in church. And some day it'll be that way for us. Some day, when I've settled down to writing music and you've traded in your make-up box for a layette."

"Some day . . ." I pulled an ear till his face was next to mine. "But right now, darling, we *might* try an apartment instead of a hotel. Then we can start looking up all the friends you want to show off to."

"O. K., lady, we find our apartment tomorrow!"

☆ IF only we had! Everything might have been . . . well, a little different maybe. That one small bit of stability in our lives might have made Eddie think twice.

But he wanted to work on a new number the next morning, and after I'd hunted through those twisting Beacon Hill streets by myself for a couple of hours, I gave up and dropped in on Bonnie Blaire. She and her Joe do a lot of costuming for show people who get Boston billings, and I'd be needing new ones soon.

And talking to her made me forget all about the apartment. Because she brought Janet Stuart into my mind again and closer to Eddie.

"I've heard about your Eddie," Bonnie said. "There's a Mrs. Stuart who comes in for evening gowns sometimes, and she's always raving about him. Says he's simply . . ."

"Janet Stuart," I said.

Bonnie nodded. "Know her?"

I'd known Bonnie for a long time. She and her Joe had played the Colonie when they were making their graceful exit from vaudeville along with so many like them. I could tell Bonnie how I felt.

"No," I said, "and I don't want to know her, Bonnie. I'm scared of her and I don't know just exactly why."

Bonnie's round arm went about my waist. "I know, honey. It used to be that way with Joe, too. Women with stuffed-shirt husbands, like Janet Stuart's, would come swarming around him, making him vain as a peacock. They didn't have him underfoot all day the way I did. To them he meant show business and romance. And maybe for a year or two it scared me, honey. Just for a year or two. And then I happened to wake up to the fact that the lug loved *me*."

I smiled, wanting her to think I felt better. I didn't, but I said, "Thanks, Bonnie. I'll be all right, I guess."

I tried to be all right. But the apartment was forgotten; when our opening night came around we were still living in the hotel.

☆ IT was a nightmare, that opening. I could feel the difference in the crowd. Bostonians wouldn't have been so unlike our Colonie bunch—waiting a little, maybe, to see if the show was good but ready to take us all to their hearts if they liked us. But this wasn't a Bostonian crowd. They were transients, tourists, traveling men They didn't care if we were good or not. All they wanted was a high spot to go to, and you worked through talk and smoke and clanking silverware.

Eddie came alongside to hold my arm and whisper in my ear, "You're the one to quiet 'em down, lady. You and that molten-gold throat."

I kissed him quickly and perked up a tiny bit. It didn't last. Harry Prouter led me to the wings. He nodded toward a table with white ties and evening gowns all around it.

"That's the Stuart crowd," he said. "Big-time in Boston. Look their way when you're really giving."

I don't think I heard what the m. c. said about me, or even the band starting my number. I was watching that tall dark gal at the end of the table, the one who might never have had a husband for all the attention she was giving him. She was waiting for Eddie. She was Janet Stuart.

But I sang. Somehow. I hated it but I sang. I wanted to wander off the stage and around among the tables till I got to the entrance, and then see Eddie come in, wearing his baggy clothes and saying, "Lady, can you spare a piano?" But I stood there and sang, my eyes looking right through Janet Stuart

Maybe they applauded; I don't know. Because Eddie came out on the stage then—a sudden stranger in his beautiful tails, his fingers reaching for the keys with a sort of fumbling uncertainty I'd never seen before—and I slipped quickly away.

Feeling the way I did, I still had to listen. I always had to listen to Eddie play, even if it was just an absent-minded chord while he was talking. He'd make them quiet down.

FOR BETTER SIGHT
USE BETTER LIGHT

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:
People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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HOTEL EDISON
RENT CHARLESTON

IN THE CENTER OF MID-TOWN NEW YORK

He'd bring on the electric hush that always came over the Colonie when he played and stayed on when he was through.

But it didn't happen. Just a smattering of applause and the confusion out there went on.

I got to the wings in time to see Eddie disappear off the other side. When they didn't call him back I hated them. I could have dug my trembling fingers into every throat in the place. I wanted to shout at them, make them listen to him. . . .

And then I noticed that Janet Stuart had left her table, alone, and for some reason a cold, deliberate calm settled in me. I walked slowly back to our dressing room and went in, and I wasn't surprised not to find Eddie.

I guess I wasn't surprised to see the pieces of a letter in the wastebasket either—pieces with handwriting on them just like that first letter in New York.

When Eddie got to the hotel that night he looked worn and miserable. "I've been down in the grillroom," he said, "practicing."

He held me for a moment and I let him. I even held him too; I couldn't help it, whatever I thought.

"Something's wrong, lady," he said. "I missed tonight."

"It was that crowd," I said. "They wouldn't pass up the next mouthful of lobster for Mozart himself."

"*You'd* never know," he said. "You'll always think I'm tops. I could come down to playing chopsticks with my nose and you'd still think so. But I missed tonight, and for three hours I've been trying to fix it, and I can't. I'm a little scared."

Maybe he was telling the truth. Maybe he hadn't seen Janet Stuart. I couldn't ask; I could only believe what I wanted to believe, and, Lord, how I wanted to!

"Forget it, darling," I said. "It's just opening-nightitis."

He smiled wearily, and I thought, Maybe he needs me. Maybe he's really in trouble, and it won't matter if he has seen her tonight; he'll want comfort in my arms where he's always found it.

But he said, "I've got to think about it, lady. You get on to bed. Maybe your old man'll be straightened out by breakfast."

I don't know when he came to bed; I'd cried myself to sleep by that time.

☆ HE wasn't straightened out by breakfast, or any breakfast that week. Every night was like the first one. The same at the hotel. The same at the Portal. Except that Janet Stuart didn't show up any more. He'd told her, I supposed, that it wasn't smart.

And then we did our Saturday-night show and Eddie was through; Harry Prouter wanted to break the contract.

"It's O. K.," Eddie told me when it was all over. "I know Harry had a right. . . ."

"He didn't," I said. "It's not you. It's that awful crowd he gets. Eddie, I thrill all through me when you just touch the keys."

"You do, sure. . . ." He was so quiet about it—no bitterness; just a whiteness around his mouth. "But you love me, lady. Everybody else just wants to hear me play, and when I can't deliver they *don't* want to hear me play. No, I'm through—for a while. I'll be back after I get onto myself again, make my hands work for me."

"You'll be back?" I said slowly.

He nodded. "Back to big time—and you."

"To me, Eddie? You aren't leaving me just because you got fired?" I caught him to me and held on for all I was worth. "I can take care of us, Eddie. You'll be back on top so quick every one'll think you just stayed home with a cold. Don't worry about the money, Eddie, please."

"Always a trouper, aren't you?" he said. "But it's got to be this way. Your salary's just enough . . ."

I went a little wild, I guess. "Remember what the minister said, darling: for better for worse, Eddie. For better for worse. It works both ways."

"You're making it awful tough, lady." He put his hands on my shoulders, his fingers barely touching them—sometimes not even that, I was trembling so. "Remember what I said a couple of weeks back? You at my fingertips? I meant that another way, too. That's how I take care of you—with those fingers. When they don't function, you and I can't function either. It's the way a guy has to be."

"Yes," I said. "So darned proud he's afraid to let his wife show her love . . ."

"Look way past my pride," he said. "Look at us together again when things are right. The way a man and his woman ought to be. You won't even be singing then. Just me carrying us both."

I was bitter and hurt. All I could see when I looked past his pride was Janet Stuart waiting for him. But I had my pride too; I couldn't tell him what I saw.

"If you're not staying," I said, "please go quick. Terribly quick."

☆ I THINK I was even more aware of Eddie after he'd gone. Aware of little things that hadn't meant much in themselves before but which had all added up to happiness.

Days and nights didn't have clear divisions. I went from the hotel to the Portal and sang, and I went back to the hotel and to bed; and I never seemed to see any one very distinctly or know what was going on. Living was like riding in the subway: being conscious of people around you but never feeling one of them.

And then, when I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, Bonnie Blaire called me.

She'd seen Eddie playing in a tavern over on Cambridge Street. A cheap little place where they alternated him with an automatic phonograph, and she couldn't understand it.

But all I could say was, "Did he

sound good, Bonnie? Were they listening?"

"Of course, honey," she said. "But what's he doing over there?"

I tried to tell her, and presently she said, "I get it, honey. I didn't think he'd last at that Portal hippodrome. But don't worry—maybe it'll help teach him how much he loves you."

I wanted to take it that way. But she'd said he was good; and if he was good, why wasn't he trying to get back where he belonged—and back to me?

Unless it was easier to see Janet Stuart this way.

But I went down to the tavern anyway; I couldn't help it.

He was there, all right. He was sitting at a teetering old upright in the corner, and his music was cutting through the smoke, and they were listening. I stood there for a moment, wondering. Because he was playing something I'd never heard before, something strange and lovely that didn't have an end; he just wove its fragments into a circle and let the music gradually drift into silence. And it was the silence I'd wanted at the Portal. Drunks and tramps, but they seemed to like him here.

He glanced up, and I saw how tired his eyes were, and I wondered what was taking his spare time, or who.

☆ SUDDENLY an arm shot round my waist and pulled me down onto a lap. I yelled once, I think, and then Eddie was beside me, yanking the man to his feet and sending him spinning almost to the piano. He was a big man, and I was scared, but they wouldn't let him get up; he was being pushed into a corner while Eddie was hustling me out.

"Don't ever come here again," he said.

"You don't want to see me?" I asked.

"Not here," he said, and he sounded provoked at me. "And not till I'm back on top."

"You sounded good in there," I said.

"I'm finding myself," he said.

And finding what else? I thought. I looked away from him and up to Beacon Hill where Janet Stuart lived, and then there simply wasn't any fight left in me.

"Let me know," I said dully, "sometime . . . when you're all through on Beacon Hill."

"April," he said, "what's . . ."

I didn't hear the rest. It was lost in the noise of traffic. I was going on back into hearing the world and seeing it and not really knowing I was in it.

It was almost funny to find that letter from George waiting for me at the hotel. He wanted to know if we were doing all right. "If I don't hear from you," he said, "I'm coming right up there and see for myself."

So I hurried down to the desk and sent a telegram. I couldn't let him find out what had happened. I didn't want that any more than Eddie would.

"Triumph," I wired. "Our colors flying from the top of Bunker Hill." And I signed it, "Eddie and April."

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From then on I tried to be tough. I borrowed the oomph from a hundred burlesque shows and delivered it to 'em red-hot at the Portal. I stopped their talk and their eating with sheer volume. When I got through a number they *knew* they'd been sung to with a vengeance. I got more applause than the rest of the show put together.

And I hated every handclap.

I realized how much I'd hated it, how far I'd gone on nerve and desperation alone, when I got the letter offering me another job. Because I simply wilted into a chair like a lettuce leaf and sighed with relief.

It was a nice little note from some man named Henderson, who was taking over the old Sheridan Club on Boylston Street. He'd remodeled it and was opening in two weeks and wanted me to sing for him.

I think I'd have gone over even with a fifty-per-cent salary cut, but Henderson made it an increase. Harry Prouter was decent enough about my contract at the Portal. He knew this spurt of mine wouldn't last; he knew I was second-rate without Eddie. He'd only taken me in the first place to get Eddie.

Yet Henderson seemed glad to get me. I liked him, and I liked his night club. It was small and quiet and intimate—made me think of the Colonie. And, funny thing, he asked me if I could do my singing "a little differently. You know," he said, "make each customer think you're singing just to him. Maybe wander off the stage and around the tables."

"Oh, I couldn't," I said. "I simply couldn't do that now."

"Suit yourself, April," he said. "I'm only buying your voice. But I wish you'd think it over."

☆ I DID think it over—in about fifteen seconds. I was trying to be true to a memory, and it *was* a memory only, because Eddie couldn't be true to our love. It was time to get tough again.

"All right," I said. "I'll wander off the stage and between the tables. I'll end up by the door and say hello to customers coming in. And if you've got somebody who can play the piano, let him play right after me. It's a swell act. It does things to you."

Maybe, I thought, it *would* be a swell act. Maybe I'd get along all right and go up a little in show business and find some new kind of happiness . . . the way you find new illusions to make up for the ones you lost somewhere with your pigtails and Buster Brown collars.

Henderson had a nice youngster, Ken McSweyn, to play the piano right after my singing—a black piano, thank heaven—and he was good without coming even close to Eddie. And at rehearsals I could sing without thinking, and turn around to see Ken sit down to his piano without feeling anything except the dull ache that was always there.

I'd be all right, I thought, and make some money and get far away from the East eventually; and some day even the dull ache would be gone—dropped somewhere along the way with a wedding ring and some roses crushed in a white prayer book.

And then it was opening night and I knew it wasn't going to be so easy. If the crowd had been like the Portal's crowd, I'd have been just mad instead of scared. But they were pleasant and friendly and ready to like us all. They were George's Colonie kind of people.

I started, though. I sang and wandered off the stage and around the tables, looking at their faces and thinking: You're not the same people; you're new; you belong to where I'm going, not what I came from. But it got harder and harder to believe. And suddenly, as I reached the back of the room, I saw them pushing Ken's black piano off the stage and putting a white one in its place, and my last note was a low quick sob.

And then through the door came some one looking like a kid who hadn't had a meal or a dime for weeks.

"Lady, can you spare a piano?" he said.

I took his hand and held it tight. "Oh, Eddie . . . anything . . ."

He grinned and sauntered off toward the stage. He went up there and sat at the piano and started to play as if he'd just come back from an intermission.

"Seems like old times," somebody said. I wasn't even surprised to find George, linking his arm through mine but keeping his eyes on Eddie—the way it always had been at the Colonie.

"I knew you kids'd be too proud to come to me," he said, "so I had to bring a night club to you. But Henderson tells me we're going to make money, so what the hell!"

"George, you're wonderful!" I squeezed his arm. "But how did you ever find out we were in trouble?"

"Listen," he said. "A thrifty wife like you doesn't send telegrams just to say she's getting along O. K. That wire of yours had S O S in every syllable. So what do I do but telephone Bonnie Blaire. If anybody in Boston knows what's happening in show business, it's Bonnie. And she knew!"

"Sweet Bonnie," I murmured. "But that number Eddie's playing . . . I heard the beginning in a tavern once."

☆ IT had an ending now. And what a strange, beautiful thing it was! Light and sparkling, yet with so much feeling underneath—making you think of elves dancing against the backdrop of a warm glowing fire.

"He calls it You're at My Fingertips," George said. "But he says it hasn't got any words yet."

"Maybe," I said, "I can help him write them."

There was silence now. Eddie had disappeared, but still there was that thrilling tribute of tense hush. Eddie was all right again; he was where he belonged, playing to people who could feel in his music everything he put there.

As I half ran backstage I heard the

whispering beginning, and I whispered back, "I'm home, I'm home."

Eddie was waiting for me, leaning against the wall, smiling at nothing. He took my outstretched hands and held them to his lips a moment.

"I wrote it for you, lady," he said. "Now tell me the words, tell me you want me back. Because I can come back now. The fingers are working for me again."

"It's a beautiful song," I said. "It took all your time to write, it gave you circles under your eyes, it kept you very busy. . . ."

"Sure," he said, puzzled. He didn't understand, and he never would; I could never tell him about my suspicions; I was ashamed.

"Darling," I said, "I'll write some wonderful words. . . ."

I stopped right there, because over his shoulder I saw Janet Stuart coming toward us. Dark, heavy-lidded, angry. Intense anger that I'd never seen except where there'd been intense love.

Anger I'd thought no one else could feel toward Eddie but myself.

He saw my stare and turned, and I laughed. Not a mirthful laugh—a high, metallic laugh that splintered into a million pieces all silvery with tears.

☆ WE were meeting at last, Janet Stuart and I, just when I thought my happiness was all coming back—just in time to show me that the lovely picture you can paint with a brushful of hope can fade so quickly. . . .

"Good-by, Eddie," I said under my trembling breath.

But I couldn't move away. He was looking at her and his eyes were troubled and bewildered. He glanced quickly at me, and somehow I had to stay by his side, ready for whatever was coming. Not brave, not anxious to take the medicine, not even foolish; just a girl in love.

"Hello, Janet," Eddie said. "This is my . . ."

"Eddie"—her voice was a white-hot knife—"you've humiliated me and I don't like it. I wrote, telephoned, did everything possible to get hold of you. I practically hurled myself at your head, even told my friends about you. And you've ignored me. All this time you've been right here in Boston, and not a word, not even a note. You're despicable!"

"All through, Janet?" Eddie asked her.

"Not till I tell you exactly what I think of you," she said.

"Pardon me," I broke in, "but I have a sudden yen to tell him what *I* think of him too."

"But . . ."

Eddie touched her arm briefly. "Sorry, Janet. My wife's sort of a tartar. When she snaps the whip, I jump—and like it!"

He pulled me quickly into the dressing room and locked the door. He put his hands gently on my shoulders and grinned. "You wanted to tell me something, lady?"

I shook my head. "Not now," I said. "Not from way out here!"

THE END

LOUDER than Words

ACTIONS speak louder than words:

★ **On April 9, the battleship *NORTH CAROLINA* was commissioned—*five months* ahead of schedule.**

★ **On May 15, the battleship *WASHINGTON* was commissioned—*six and one-half months* ahead of schedule.**

★ **On June 7, the battleship *SOUTH DAKOTA* was launched—*four months* ahead of schedule.**

★ **Propulsion equipment for a fourth battleship, the *MASSACHUSETTS,* was completed this spring in the plants of the General Electric Company—*ten weeks* ahead of schedule.**

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This is the second of a series of reports on the progress of defense work in America's largest electrical workshop.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BRITISH WAR AIMS—AND WHAT THEY MEAN

Continued from Page 11

there should be parallel economic groupings of the European nations.

"Do you think a democratic Germany would be eligible for admission to the customs unions?"

Sikorski smiled wryly. "I am a soldier," he replied. "I cannot envision a 'democratic Germany.' I presume, however, that Germany might either form or be admitted to an economic coalition paralleling the one we expect to establish in eastern Europe."

Pursuing General Sikorski's idea elsewhere among Polish and Czech representatives in Washington, I found it to be accepted as a fact only awaiting a liberating peace to be put into execution. But they all shied away from mention of Russia.

They envisioned, however, an Eastern European confederation, a North Central European organization, and a Western European one that might be extended to embrace the Mediterranean states. There would be this fundamental and brand-new difference from other European confederacies: The union would be not political but *economic.*

Again that word! If peace is to be established by economic co-operation, then it stands to reason that peace was destroyed for the lack of it.

☆ AT any rate, the new Europe would become a system of three or four great partnerships within the boundaries of each of which would be found the essential raw materials and the means of processing them, first for the mutual benefit of the co-operating nations and secondly for export. Between the nations in each union, boundary lines would tend to disappear, while the opportunities would grow for the several economic confederations to find the means for co-operation rather than rivalry.

So we go back to the British to see how all this fits in with their war aims —or peace aims, preferably.

"We are thinking in terms of freedom rather than frontiers," is the way Lord Halifax puts it. "We are thinking in terms of the worth and the welfare of the common man rather than of political agreements."

And realization of those thoughts depends upon "a system of security which will insure international stability—economic collaboration between free peoples."

Is this the picture, then, of the Europe that is to be—a continent which can be traversed as one tours the United States, passing from kingdom to republic to grand duchy without the perils and inconveniences of customs inspectors, political police, money-changers and tariff collectors?

Then where does the rest of the world fit in? What about Africa? What about China? What about the United Kingdom—and what about the Western Hemisphere?

And Russia? Perhaps that question is in process of being answered now.

Yes, and what about the peasants and the depressed social classes in the countries promoting these praiseworthy ambitions?

Hereupon the conversation becomes confidential. The big shots shy away. It is acknowledged that the raw materials of the undeveloped lands of the earth—another way of saying Africa, anyhow—shall not be the monopoly of any one nation or group of nations. After all, one is reminded, Hitler *was* offered colonies before the invasion of Poland.

From the continental Europeans I gather that Britain is expected by them to become more disassociated from the Continent, to look increasingly westward to economic union with the English-speaking nations of the United States and the Dominions. That expectation is not without historic justification. So long as Britain felt confidence in a "balance of power" on continental Europe, the English have been inclined to withdraw in upon themselves and their interests overseas. The British do not consider themselves Europeans. One is reminded of the historic headline in the Paris edition of the London Daily Mail some years ago, when a violent storm severed all communications across the Channel. It read: "Storm Cuts Communication—Europe Is Isolated."

Canadians and Australians talk as if intimate association and co-operation with the United States were bound to be palatable fruit of the war. Not that they in any way imply acceptance of becoming satellites to the United States, which would not be desirable from any point of view, including Washington's. An association of English-speaking peoples, it is said, need not go so far in one direction as requiring all to dance to the tune of United States choosing, nor yet go to the opposite extreme of Clarence Streit's Union Now idea.

But that is no *war aim.* For the nonce, the Australians and the Canadians are fighting out of loyalty to the symbol of the crown, as Americans might fight for the Bill of Rights. They are fighting for the mother country which is at once their great market and their great source of supply. They are fighting against the Nazi system which would reduce them to the status of workers in an ant heap.

And they are fighting for independence. Perhaps not consciously. Let us call it an appreciation of their independence, which is already politically theirs but too recently acquired to cure the British of thinking of Canadians and Australians as "colonials." In that sense, Canada and Australia really went to war for democracy in a practical sort of way.

Where does Russia fit into the picture of a redeemed world democracy? Attacked by the German army despite the objections of the Nazis, including Hitler himself, the Soviet Union is perforce fighting on the side of the democracies. But it is not fighting for the same things. There is no appreciable difference between Nazi and Communist politics and economics, even though they are in military conflict. I hear no talk of a postwar partnership between the Allies and Russia, and, for that matter, not the slightest indication that Russia wants to be included.

And China—no more a democracy than Italy? I gather that everybody concerned has been pretty practical about China, with three cheers and what supplies could be spared for Chiang Kai-shek so long as he kept a bellicose Japan busy and bleeding. China seems to have sentimental regard only from Americans, and my guess is that our heartbeats for the Chinese have been accelerated by the Japanese jitters, too. Only fifteen years ago American gunboats were shelling Chiang Kai-shek's army.

All right, then. There is no use in seeking perfection in this naughty world. But here is a delicate question that only a hard-boiled newspaper man would have the indelicacy to ask: Doesn't "economic democracy," like charity, begin at home? Then what of Europe's tenant peasantry—what of London's pitiful slum dwellers and England's peonlike colliers? Of what worth are war aims to them, whose living conditions could scarcely be worse under Nazi regimentation?

"But they *would* be worse off," I am told. "And they know they would be. The proof is that there are no appeasers among them. There is no poor man's 'Cliveden set.' Where appeasement flourishes is among the rich, who are willing to compromise for the sake of retaining their properties; but the poor, who have nothing to lose but their right to grouch and strike and vote, will fight to the death against mental imprisonment."

Mark this, say the Britons: The day of the duke and the hereditary landlord is done, and after the war is won, the "old school tie" will be useful only to patch overalls. Between taxation

"You're late, pop. I've been waitin' here an hour to show you my report card."

and maintenance costs the big estates will be broken up and individual home and farm ownership on the American standard will arise. The process was under way before the war hastened it, and Britain, Poland and Czechoslovakia will be rebuilt by sweeping away the ruins of ancient cities and the ruins of archaic economic laws with simultaneous energy. Systems of government help modeled on our own FHA and AAA will be employed, and government-subsidized modern housing will rise on the sites of slums razed by the Luftwaffe.

While Hitler talks about a New Order for Europe, what his antagonists are discussing sounds very much like the New Deal.

"Just for the sake of argument, let's be as impersonal as hell," I suggest. "The Nazis did some notable rebuilding in prewar Germany. If Europe has to be rebuilt anyhow, why are homes with windows and flush toilets any more probable under Allied peace aims?"

Well, they say, look at France, reduced to slavery, paying a staggering war indemnity, stripped of factory installations and art treasures. Look at Poland, where 600,000 families have been dispossessed so repatriated Germans could have their farms, their shops, their furnishings even.

"Reparations and indemnities are not at all contemplated in Britain's scheme for postwar Europe," I am told with all the weight of an official pronouncement. "Restoration and compensation for stolen property will have to be made, of course, but we rather believe it will be made willingly by the government that succeeds the Nazi dictatorship."

☆ BESIDES, the British people are fighting for the rights of men, chief among which are the right of a man to change his mind and the right to change his government by elections instead of revolutions.

"Then what about India?"

I am given to understand that, in its heart and soul, collective Britain wishes it had never heard of India and would like to be rid of its responsibilities—mark the word—provided two guaranties could be had: That the mixture of Hindus and Moslems would not start a suicidal civil war, and that no other country (meaning Japan or Russia) would step in to exploit that teeming land of caste-enslaved millions. Besides, I am reminded, Mahatma Gandhi himself prefers British rule to Nazi or Communist or Japanese.

On the day that Anthony Eden uttered his more philosophical than practical statement of British war aims, the Parliamentary Undersecretary of State for India, the Duke of Devonshire, "with full governmental authority," announced home rule for India after the war. It is a promise that has been made before but is likely now to be kept because—for the first time in the British Empire's history—England will be under the terrible compulsion of rebuilding its homes, its industries, and its social system after a war, and India is bound to have to shift for itself as never before.

That just about exhausts my inquiry into British war aims, freely assuming that they are synonymous with Polish, Czech, Greek, and Serbian peace objectives.

They are not a bad set of plans. They seem to recognize faults and injustices in the Versailles and Trianon treaties; they are free from talk of revenge. Why weren't they advertised? Why were not Senator Wheeler and Senator Nye and Senator Clark answered when they demanded assurances that the United States wasn't being asked to lend its great strength to restore the same system that bred this conflict?

We have to guess the answers, because Churchill's answer is the official one, and even the Polish and Czech governments were, after all, guests of the British—albeit paying guests. I think the British government believed that a statement of such peace aims might be considered a sign of weakness by the Nazis.

I think, too, that Churchill suspected they would not be believed in the United States except by those persons who wanted Britain to win on any terms.

But above all, I think, the British government was afraid of the reception such a pronouncement of definite aims would have had in its own country. It would have encouraged the appeasers, disappointed the Hun-haters, and have had an all-around bad psychological effect. When a nation is battered, bleeding, and with its back to the wall, the talk must be of fight, not of peace, I assume. It can't be allowed to think how nice peace will be.

THE END

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(*from a letter by* M. L., Northbrook, Ill.)

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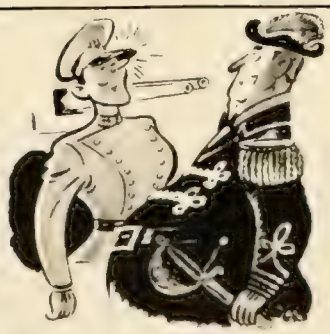
(*from a letter by* S. B., Queens Village, N. Y.)



Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar-

LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY... BUT THANKS TO *KLEENEX*, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(*from a letter by* Midshipman H. E., Annapolis, Md.)

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(*from a letter by* M. W., Vail, Iowa)

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MURDER WITH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Continued from Page 26

"My head is splitting," Miss Kate said abruptly. "Anne, do get my smelling salts on my dressing table."

Anne was too stunned to move.

"Don't stand there," Miss Kate said. "Do as I ask you at once."

"But—Mrs. Cartwright . . ."

"I know," said her aunt. "There's nothing you can do about it. It's the green bottle, not the purple one. And bring my coat. Hurry, child."

Anne moved automatically into the house, her eyes tragic and uncomprehending. Miss Kate turned to Miss Letty.

"You brought that woman here," she said angrily, drawing her pink chenille bathrobe tightly around her thin figure. She was tall and angular with the same dark Drayton eyes. "You brought that woman here. You—"

Miss Letty took two quick steps toward her.

"Stop it, Kate! I've listened to all I'm going to from you tonight!"

Miss Kate took a step back, her eyes blank with amazement.

"And don't say anything else, not to me or to Anne or anybody. You can go on destroying the living but God takes care of the dead. And I give you and my brother an answer now, once and for all: Anne shall not marry Lawrence—not until I'm lying out there where Cornelia Cartwright is lying. And I warn you that God will punish you—and you too, Edward—punish you both as you deserve, the rest of your lives! Do you hear me, Edward?"

☆ HER brother had come up the gallery steps and was standing, utterly aghast for an instant, staring at her turned miraculously into a flaming brand white hot with passion. Then he made a swift move toward her, his eyes on the door.

"Go to your room, Anne—at once," he said curtly.

I turned. Anne was standing there, the little bottle of smelling salts in her hand. Miss Kate's coat had slipped off her arm and was lying on the floor. She was staring, blank-faced and frightened, at her aunt. Miss Letty turned and stopped as if she had been suddenly struck dumb.

"Go, Anne!" her uncle repeated imperatively. "And you go inside, Laetitia."

Miss Letty moved through the door, dazed and faltering. I started toward her. Judge Drayton's quiet gesture had so much authority that I stopped where I was.

"My sister is upset, Mrs. Gould," he said evenly. "She needs to be alone for a little while."

He turned to Kate Drayton, looking at her silently for a moment, his lips pressed together. "Go back to bed, Kate. I'll talk to you later. Has Lawrence come back?"

Miss Kate didn't answer. She just stood looking at him. She's afraid of him, it flashed over me; she's terribly afraid of him.

"My son went to find Anne, Mrs. Gould," Judge Drayton said coolly, turning to me. "We were worried about her. I think you had better go inside too. They will be bringing her around. It will be better if you are not present. The police will want to see you before they go."

At the door of the library I came to a startled halt. I don't quite know how to describe the impression I had of Miss Letty in the split second in which she flashed around to face me. A wounded animal at bay is part of it. She had obviously been so intent on watching something through the window and across the back gallery—and there was only one thing to watch out there—that she hadn't heard me in time to cover up. Even then I couldn't bring myself to put the other word to what I saw. Fear and defiance were there . . . and something else; and "surprise" was as far as I could go in thinking what it was.

Anyway, it was so brief I couldn't really be sure I'd seen it at all. It seemed to crumple right in front of me, and out of it Miss Letty herself emerged, tottering, shaken and uncertain, to the sofa. She sat there, her lips twitching in nervous spasms.

"I shouldn't have done what I did, Louise," she whispered. "I shouldn't have said that."

There were footsteps in the hall outside.

"—And, Louise . . . don't let them arrest Lusby. That's the first thing they'll think of. Go out and see that they don't."

She got up unsteadily and almost pushed me out the door.

I went back down to the front gallery. The red taillight of a big black car was disappearing down the drive. Then I saw Lusby. He was standing with three men by Cornelia's car—the color of putty, I knew—and they were trying to make him talk, and he couldn't. They were shooting one question after another at him.

Where had he been?

When had he seen her last?

Where was the gun?

☆ THAT seemed to bring him to some kind of life.

"In here," he said, and began tugging at the door of the car until one of the men pulled him away and opened it himself. I heard him say "Where?" and then, "No, it ain't, nigger." Then I saw a sudden movement, and some one said, "What was that? Watch him—he threw something away."

Two of them caught his arms while the third turned a flashlight on the ground, hunting around with it.

Then Lusby called out: "Miss Louise . . . Miss Anne! Help me!"

Anne Drayton was there beside me again. "Stay here," she whispered, and ran down the gallery steps.

"You can't do that, Jim!" she said hotly. "He didn't do it! He was in the church—I saw him!"

"Then what's he throwing this away for?"

The man she called Jim held out an oblong leather folder that he'd found with his flashlight.

"Ah never stole it, Miss Anne! She give it to me to hol'!"

"Yes?" Jim said. "Two hundred-dollar bills and a bunch of traveler's checks. Take him in, you fellows."

He turned back to Anne. I could see the glint of his sheriff's badge as he put the folder in his inside coat pocket.

"Sorry, Miss Anne. We'll have to take him in."

"She give it to me to hol' for her!" Lusby said again.

☆ I RAN swiftly down the steps. "That's just what she would do!" I cried. "I've seen her do it lots of times!"

The sheriff looked at me. "Well, we're going to take him in now," he drawled. "We can talk about it in the morning. It won't do him no harm. Nobody's goin' to hurt him."

"Uncle Ed!" Anne cried. She looked past me to where Judge Drayton was standing quietly on the gallery. "Don't let them take him! You know he didn't do it!"

Judge Drayton came down to the car.

"Go along with them, Lusby," he said. "We'll take care of you in the morning."

He put his hands on Anne's shoulders.

"Oh, how can you let them do that!" she cried. "How can you!"

His hands tightened. "I told you to go to your room, Anne. Go, at once."

She stood there straight and rigid, her burning eyes meeting his without flinching. Then something seemed to happen to her, and she was like a candle on a scorching summer day, as she seemed to droop and bend forward. The next instant she was stumbling across the gallery and through the door.

Judge Drayton turned to speak to the sheriff.

"We'll be waiting for you inside. Come, Mrs. Gould."

I went in a little in front of him. I'd have run if I'd dared. I could still feel his eyes, implacable and cold as steel, as he'd bent Anne under them . . . and I could still feel them when Miss Letty was trying to tell the sheriff what had happened. She never once looked at her brother, who stood in front of the fireplace watching her intently without seeming to. I knew it was he, not the sheriff, who made her tongue-tied and inarticulate.

"I was tired and thought I wouldn't go to the church," she said. "Mrs. Cartwright came down about a quarter to eight. She was going to say a few words to the choir. She called up two friends at Tangier and told them she'd sent Lusby after them first, and would they pick her up on the way back. Lusby's a very good boy. Mrs.

Cartwright depended on him a great deal."

Her hand went up automatically in the old nervous habit she had of touching her locket.

"Just as she started away from the phone, it rang again, and she answered it. She said, 'Yes. What? This is Mrs. Cartwright speaking.' Then she said, 'Oh. No, I'm sorry, I'm just going out. I promised to say a few words to the colored people, and I don't want to disappoint them.' Finally she said, 'Oh, all right then, but you'll have to be very brief. I'll be—' I don't know whether she said 'there' or 'here.' But she hung up then. She looked annoyed. She picked up her bag and gloves and said, 'If you're tired you'd better go to bed,' and went out. That's the last I saw of her."

"You didn't hear a shot, or anything?" the sheriff asked.

Miss Letty shook her head. "But I had the radio on, and my hearing isn't what it once was."

"You don't know anybody who'd want to kill her?"

Miss Letty shook her head again. The sheriff turned to me. The times I'd said I'd like to strangle Cornelia, after some preposterous performance of hers, flashed into my mind and seemed very stupid now. I shook my head too.

"Perhaps it was some ghastly mistake," I said.

"Do you mean it was intended for some one else, Mrs. Gould?" Judge Drayton asked quietly.

☆ THE implication hung there in a momentary silence.

"Oh, no, of course not," I said. "I didn't mean that."

The sheriff looked around at him. "You weren't here, judge?"

That embarrassed me still more. I had the feeling that he wouldn't have asked that question if it hadn't been for what I'd said.

"Lawrence and I took Anne to the spirituals and left as soon as Mamie was through her part," Judge Drayton said. "We went to the office. We were there when my sister phoned and said Lusby was insisting something must have happened to Mrs. Cartwright. We came back and telephoned around. My son went out to find Anne and Mrs. Gould."

The sheriff nodded. "What made you think to look in the bayou in the first place?" he asked, with a puzzled frown.

The silence just then was like a creeping paralysis.

"My sister Kate came downstairs," Judge Drayton said, after a moment. "She had gone to bed with one of her headaches. She said she thought she'd heard something in back of the house. She thought it was a shot. That's not uncommon, as you know, but I took a flashlight, and Lusby and I went out to look. That's when I found her."

"What made the boy so sure something had happened to her?"

"I don't know."

"Because Mrs. Cartwright never did unexpected things," I said sharply.

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"She never let Lusby or her car out of her sight if she could help it."

I felt the skepticism that Mr. Bailey was too polite to utter. He got up.

"Well, I'm sorry about this, judge." He looked at his watch. "I guess that's Lawrence comin' now."

I could hear a car in the drive. Mr. Bailey and the judge went out. All I heard was a thick "My heaven!" And then I remembered Lawrence had left before they'd found Cornelia. I looked at Miss Letty. She was like a little snail drawn into its shell, only its feelers showing, sensitive to every sound and motion.

"You'd better go to bed," I said.

"I'd like to wait for Alec," she replied.

The clock in the hall struck a single note. I looked at my watch. It was one thirty.

"Alec can't possibly get here before morning," I said. "Or can he?"

"I don't know, but I want to wait for him," Miss Letty said. "He'd think it was very cruel if somebody didn't sit up and wait."

She shivered convulsively. "I'll wait up. Somebody ought to wait up with Cornelia. She'll be very lonely and bewildered at first. She won't find any one she knows, not right away."

I looked at her anxiously. If any one else had said it, I'd have thought they were being crazy. But not Miss Letty. I didn't quite like to leave her, and stood there hesitating. Then I heard another car, and in a minute a sharp rap of the knocker on the front door.

"That's Alec," Miss Letty said, starting up. "I know it is. I knew he'd come as quickly as he could."

She turned to me. "Louise—I want you to help me. I want Anne to meet Alec. I'd like her to marry Alec—" Her voice fell to a soft whisper. "—then the plantations won't matter."

For a moment I stood speechless, staring at her. It wasn't that Alec Cartwright wasn't a swell person. It was just that it was so . . . well, so incredible at that point.

"Go speak to him, Louise," Miss Letty whispered. It was a sort of command that sent me, very bewildered, out into the hall.

☆ ALEC CARTWRIGHT and Judge Drayton were standing there.

"I got a plane to bring me up," Alec was saying. He broke off abruptly as he saw me, and took a long stride forward, gripping my outstretched hand silently.

"It's awful, Alec," I said. "I'm so sorry."

"What happened? My heaven, Louise, it doesn't make any sense!"

That was the whole thing, of course. It didn't—not the slightest possible sense. That was what I'd meant when I said it must be a ghastly mistake.

"I thought you'd gone back. The pilgrimage signs I saw said it ended last Saturday."

"That was the other club," I said. "We just came yesterday."

The sheriff and Lawrence Drayton —rather flushed and unsteady—appeared out of the dining room. I introduced them.

"If you'll leave us, ma'am," the sheriff said, "I'd like to talk to Mr. Cartwright."

Alec and I looked at each other. He was very good-looking in a blond clean-cut way that not even the shocked tension in his face could do very much to diminish. I'd caught Lawrence's instinctive objection to him in his brief handshake and the way he was looking at him now.

"Go to bed, Louise," Alec said. "I'll see you in the morning." He gripped my hand warmly again.

I nodded and went up the stairs. Miss Letty was standing like a dark wraith looking down from the landing. She went on just ahead of me as I came up. As she stopped in the upper hall, I heard Miss Kate Drayton's door close softly.

"Good night, Miss Letty," I said.

"Good night, Louise. We must all be very calm. Remember what I said."

I stood watching her until she went into her room. As I started to open my door, I heard Miss Kate's open quietly. I looked around, just catching one glimpse of her nose and her sharp bright eyes as she closed it again. I opened my door and put my hand out automatically for the switch, and stopped. The light by my bed was already on, and Anne was standing in the shadowy oblong of the window, looking out toward the bayou. Then I realized quickly that it wasn't that; she was looking across the bayou toward Tangier.

☆ "HE must be very uncomfortable over there," she said slowly. "The bathrooms are out on the gallery, and I don't suppose there's ever any hot water."

She closed the screen and came over to the table.

"Have they found out anything?"

I shook my head. "Alec Cartwright's come. He's her stepson."

"Is he . . . nice?"

I nodded.

"Then I suppose we'll go to New Orleans tomorrow after all," she said tonelessly. "It's always the way."

"Why don't you just not go?" I asked.

She shrugged.

"I wouldn't have any chance of seeing him if I stayed."

"I don't see how you can help it," I said. "He'll be around till it's settled."

"It would fool them if I *did* marry him, wouldn't it?"

I looked at her in amazement.

"Though I don't suppose he really wants to marry me . . . not after tonight."

"He can't very well hold this against you," I said.

"But he wanted to know if I wrote that letter. I *did* insist on some kind of compromise, but my uncle worked it out."

"Look, darling," I said. "Who are you talking about? Alec Cartwright, or—"

"Oh, Lord, no! I meant Steve."

She flushed warmly. "I don't know Alec Cartwright from Adam."

"Well, if it's Steve we're talking about," I said, "I don't think you need worry about not seeing him. He'll manage that."

Her eyes brightened. "Do you think so?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "And you haven't by any chance fallen in love with him, have you?"

She pulled the petals off a rose in the bowl on the table, and looked down at one in her hand.

"You don't fall in love with people you've only seen three times," she said . . . as if she knew about such things. "But I . . . I don't know. He's fun. And this afternoon . . . Well, I don't know. I just can't get him out of my head, Louise. And I know he thinks I'm impossible, and he's just doing it for fun, because he doesn't like Lawrence. I don't think he really cares about the plantations. They aren't worth very much anyway."

☆ SHE seemed to be seeking some sort of confirmation, or denial, I wasn't sure which. She was like a child just waking up to an April morning. Death and Cornelia hadn't really touched her.

Then she said, all at once, "If I married him I could go away from here."

"Do you want to go away?"

"Oh, yes!"

It was a heartfelt cry breaking out from somewhere deep inside her.

"Always, really, but not as much as now. I don't know what's happened. Everybody's just as kind as they ever were, but . . . I feel as if I were on a leash, some way. I can't see it but I can feel it. I can go just so far, and then I have to come back."

She went over to the window and looked out again.

"If you see him tomorrow, will you tell him I didn't mean what I said—not really?"

She stood there for a moment and came back.

"Why do you suppose Lawrence always said he was so dreadful?" she asked.

"For the same reason he told him you were cross-eyed, I suppose," I said.

"Oh, no—Lawrence didn't do that. That's just part of the joke," she objected loyally.

"O. K., darling. Now go to bed, will you?"

She laughed. I watched her go happily to the door. She turned and threw me a kiss. It wasn't for me, really, but she didn't know it, nor did she know about the new shining light in her eyes. Or that, because of it, the carefully plotted course of murder to come would take a new and terrible direction.

Is Miss Letty hiding something? Why was Cornelia Cartwright killed? Will the murderer strike again? Horror and peril still hover over Antigua and Tangier. New clues and new suspicions add excitement to next week's dramatic chapter.

BERTIE FINDS A 'OME

Continued from Page 22

"Not selling them, by any chance?" Gerry questioned sarcastically.

Bertie smiled, and Gerry's interest quickened. A smile did something for the kid—dug out a cute dimple high on the cheek and a devil-may-care look in the brown eyes.

"Blimey!" Bertie said. "They 'aven't got no bloomin' money. They're starvin', they are."

"You don't say!"

Bertie raised his pale face to Gerry's. "I know who you are, sir. I saw you start out this morning." He hesitated, then spoke quickly. "You couldn't be doin' something for those people in the tryler, could you, sir?"

Purposely Gerry ignored the eager question. He felt an urge to test the kid further. "Bertie," he said, "don't you know that what you're doing is stealing?"

Bertie stopped. His chin quivered but his eyes were clear as he looked at Gerry. "It couldn't be stealin', sir. She gyve them to me. My ol' woman—she used to say that things would do more good on somebody's poor body than 'angin' in the closet."

Gerry felt ashamed of himself. He took hold of Bertie's arm. "Maybe your mother had something there, son. Let's visit these friends of yours."

"Thank 'e, sir," Bertie said, and started off at a trot.

☆ GERRY no longer felt cold. There was a warm glow that started right from the center of him. He was interested—had some one to talk to. This English kid was a plucky little devil. Never showed a speck of fear when he'd questioned him. And well mannered, too. Bertie was such a sissy name, though. Bert wouldn't sound so bad. . . .

"How you think you're going to like it here, Bert?"

"I'd like it better if my ol' man was 'ere."

"Maybe he'll come after the war's over."

Bertie shook his head. "Not 'im. 'E wouldn't leave the ol' woman."

"But I thought she—well, I heard she was—"

Bertie helped him out. "Yes—she's dead, all right. Blown to bits, she was. But e'll never leave 'er, 'e won't."

"Your father must have loved her a lot."

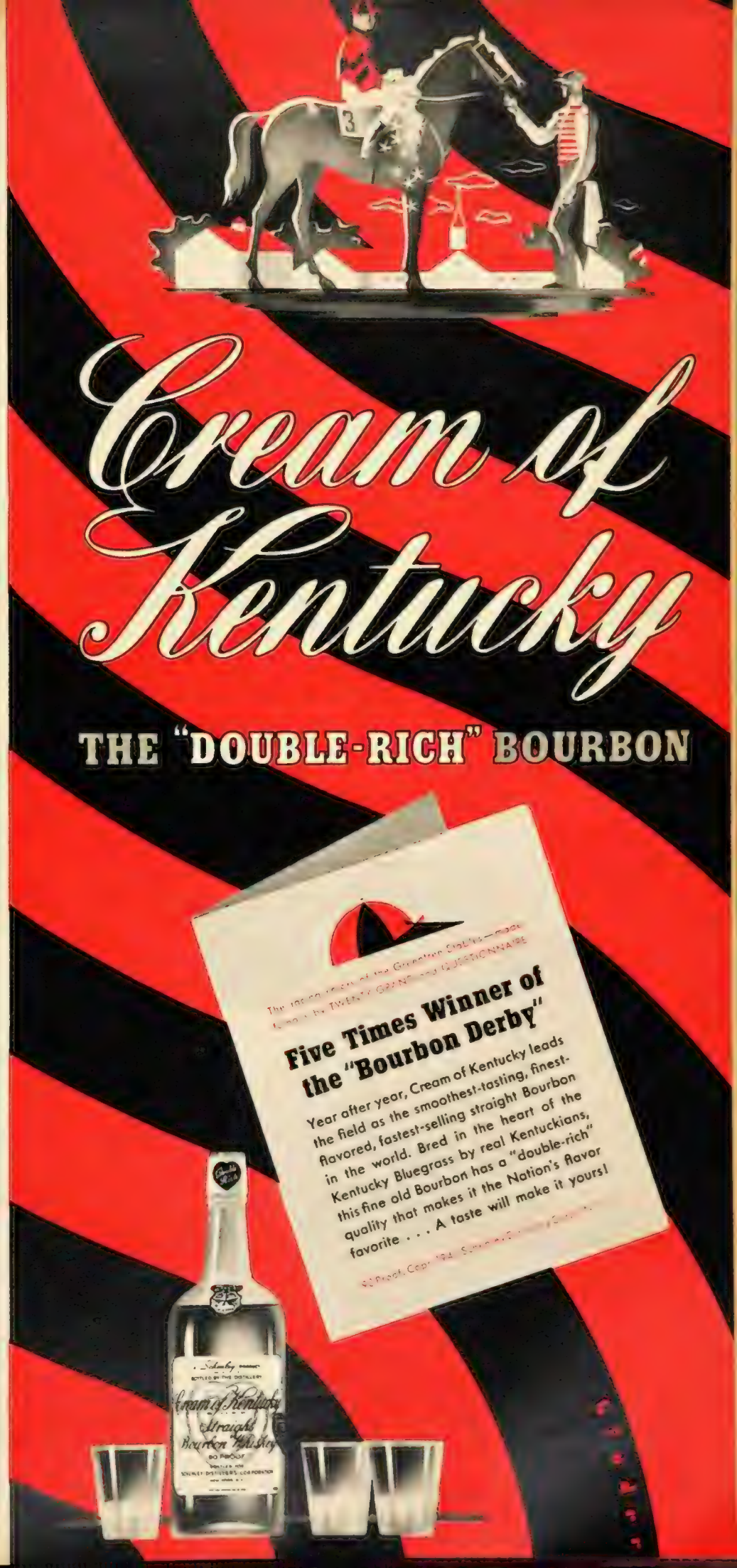
"She was 'is ol' woman," the boy said simply.

His old woman! Amy was his old woman. How would the kid take his leaving Amy? Gerry kicked a crab shell out of his way. Damn it, he wasn't going soft. No scrawny Cockney kid was going to upset the applecart.

"Was your mother pretty?" He was sorry as soon as he'd asked. Better to let the kid forget about his mother.

Bertie smiled. "My ol' man—'e thought so. So did I. Not so 'andsome, like your ol' woman—but something like Miss Lee—sweetlike."

Gerry stopped dead in his tracks.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He caught himself asking, "Miss Lee? Did you say Miss Lee?"

"Yes, sir. She came to welcome me to America, she did. And she didn't ask me a bloomin' question, neither. She made me feel right to 'ome."

Gerry's eyes softened. Funny this kid could find that out about Lee so soon. She'd make any one feel to home. Impatiently he started forward again. He'd like to ask more about Lee; but he didn't dare. "How'd you meet these people in the trailer?"

"I couldn't sleep, sir, so I came out for a bit of a walk."

"Mrs. Sterling know?"

Bertie shook his head.

"You know Mrs. Sterling hasn't any use for riffraff. You shouldn't have gone to the trailer."

"The Moores—they ain't no riffraff."

Gerry grinned. He liked the way the kid stuck up for his opinions. He looked down, and winced at Bertie's thinness. He'd send for a set of bars and start right in building muscles. Get a couple pair of boxing gloves, too. Just the sort of thing he'd been dying to do for years. Teach a kid all the things he'd missed when he was a boy. Then Gerry remembered. He wouldn't be here; he'd be somewhere else. His voice was harsh when he spoke: "These people—the Moores—did they ask you for this clothing?"

"No, sir. I found Mary Louise over there." Bertie pointed to a spot on the beach a few feet from them. "She was cryin', she was. So . . ."

"So you stopped to comfort the troubled lady?"

"No, sir. I stopped to give 'er a bit of a bawlin' out. My ol' man 'e says it's a wyste of time to cry."

☆ HIS old man again. What wouldn't he give to have a kid speak of him in that tone! "And what did the little lady do about that?"

"She told me what she was cryin' about. Her ol' woman's sick and the bobbies are sendin' 'em off. She says they had to get out of where they were because of a black thing in the skies—just like me—"

"A black thing in the skies!" Gerry interrupted grimly. "We haven't any airplane raids over here. She's pulling your leg, old man."

Bertie shook his head. "No, sir; not Mary Louise."

A light struck Gerry. H'm-m-m! It could be. "Did she by any chance say they were from Oklahoma—or Kansas or . . . Did she say they lived on a farm?"

Bertie nodded eagerly. "And they 'ad 'orses, they 'ad."

The nearness of the trailer shut away further conversation. At their approach three small boys scampered up the trailer steps and disappeared. But Mary Louise, a child of about eight, with blue eyes and two pinched-up braids of blonde hair, came to meet them.

"'Ere!" Bertie thrust the suits and shoes into her arms. "M'ybe some of the shoes will fit yer. But there ain't no girls about our plyce, so I couldn't get no dresses."

The child looked at the clothing in her arms. "They're beautiful, but I don't think mama will let us keep them."

Gerry put his hand on the child's shoulder. "I think she will—after I've had a little talk with her."

☆ AN hour or so later Bertie and Gerry left the trailer. Bertie's eyes were filled with admiration for Gerry as they walked up the beach. "Blimey!" he breathed, "but you didn't 'arf do it up, did yer?"

Gerry dug his toes deeply into the hard sand as he walked. "Well—it worked all around. Mr. Moore wanted a job—and I needed a caretaker for the beach grounds. Besides, you'll need kids to play with."

"You're a bit of all right, sir," Bertie said warmly.

Gerry swore to himself. "I've got to tell Amy this morning—clear out before this little beggar gets under my skin."

They were within shouting distance of the house when a green convertible slid through the front gate. Tony was at the wheel, Amy beside him. She waved her hand. "Good-by, darling," she called. "Tony and I are off. Be good—you two."

Automatically Gerry raised his hand and waved. "Damn it," he muttered. "Now I'll have to stick around until she gets back." He glanced down at Bertie. "Well, old man, it seems it's just you and me for the day. What'll we do with ourselves?"

"We might go swimming?" Bertie's eyes were eager.

"Sure! Fine idea!" He'd teach the kid a thing or two about swimming.

A few minutes later he changed his mind. The kid could teach him a few tricks. "Where'd you learn to swim like that, Bert?" he sputtered as he came up from under a wave.

"In the Lee. You gotta do some duckin' there to get out of the way of things. There ain't much room."

Gerry cut a wave. And another. This was living! A dip like this every night after work would put some stiffening in his spine. Gosh! He hadn't realized just how much he'd ached for this sort of thing.

Suddenly Bertie gave a loud shriek. Gerry's heart pummeled to his feet. But the kid was all right. Just making for the shore and a straight girlish figure in a blue bathing suit. Lee!

She waved to them. "Hi! Any objections to me taking a bath too?" She was under a wave and came up beside Gerry. He'd forgotten how pretty she was. He'd forgotten about those two little freckles on the bridge of her nose that he used to tease her about. Then he had to be honest with himself. He hadn't forgotten anything about her. "I'll race you both to that trailer up there," she challenged, and started out with long even strokes, Bertie gliding or rolling over like a young seal beside her.

Bertie won the race. On the beach he raced ahead of them. Gerry could keep his question back no longer. "What brought you out today, Lee?"

Lee's face saddened and she nodded toward Bertie. "It—it's bad news for the little fellow. A cablegram came."

"His father?"

Lee nodded. "Yes. He was killed while Bertie was on his way over here. One of those time bombs . . ."

Gerry felt all choked up. Bertie was chasing a sea gull with a broken wing. He caught it and started back to them. "'E's hurted, 'e is," he called. And as he reached them, he held the bird out to Gerry. "Can you do a bit of mendin', sir? My ol' man—'e could."

Tears filled Lee's eyes and she stooped to pick up a pretty stone so Bertie wouldn't notice.

Gerry took the struggling bird and held it against his body. "I guess if your old man could do it, I can. Come along."

The sea gull was taken to Bertie's room and the broken wing mended to Bertie's satisfaction. At the housekeeper's insistent call, they went below and sat out in the patio for breakfast. Gerry thought up jokes to chase away the ghost of a British father, and heaped Bertie's plate with sausages, toast, and orange marmalade. He squirmed under Bertie's serious scrutiny, and had the feeling he was fooling no one.

Bertie was frankly puzzled. "You 'aven't been drinkin', sir, 'ave you?" he asked.

Gerry put his coffee cup down with a clatter. "Drinking? I should say not! Not this early in the morning."

Bertie looked at Lee. "You've been 'avin' bad news, 'aven't you?"

A tear slid down Lee's rounded young cheek.

Bertie's eyes darkened as he looked from one to the other. His hand shook as he put down his knife and clutched the edge of the table. He stared a long time at his plate. "A—a bloke sure lives 'igh over 'ere," he said. "My ol' woman—she liked 'er sausages." His voice broke and he pushed his plate from him. "So did my—my ol' man. 'E'll be missin' 'is sausages, 'e will."

☆ GERRY choked on a piece of toast, and when he got over his coughing spell Bertie was walking down to the ocean. Gerry's eyes met Lee's. She shook her head. "We'll let him be alone for a few minutes. Then he'll need us."

"Us?"

Lee's eyes were candid and clear as they looked across at Gerry. "Yes! When you get your decks cleared, you can look up Bertie and me. Amy has gone off with Tony—for good this time. She left you a note. I found it when I came in this morning." She held out a folded sheet of paper. Gerry took it and without unfolding it slipped it into his pocket. His head lifted and his shoulders squared as he looked over the patio wall and saw the tiny figure looking out to sea.

"I'm just beginning to understand what courage really is, Lee. I think I've found mine again." He reached out his hand. "Come, let's go to him. He needs us now."

THE END

WHY SENATOR WHEELER AND LINDBERGH WORK TOGETHER

Continued from Page 17

Now they say it is Lindbergh's turn —for a while. One wonders if that famous visit of Burt Wheeler to Joe Kennedy's Florida home this last winter saw a repetition of that conversation of nearly a decade ago, with variations. It would be understandable if the Senator, after being accused by the President of having told Ambassador Dodd back in 1935 that the Hitlerization of Europe was inevitable, said to his host:

"Joe, we ought to get behind Lindbergh."

And if Joe said to Burt: "Why?"

And if Burt said to Joe: "Because we can beat Roosevelt with him."

But if any such conversation did take place, one thing is reasonably certain. Wheeler did not mean that they ought to get behind Lindbergh for President—because, as everybody in Washington knows, the Senator has his eye on that august title for himself.

Besides, Lindbergh, with his wealth and financial connections and his views on life in general, would probably be far less acceptable to Wheeler in the White House than is the present occupant.

The former colonel is useful to Burt Wheeler right now, just as he is to a lot of other people. He is admittedly the only American who can grab a radio audience half as large as F. D. R's. But he would conceivably be of little help in the fight for free silver, which is probably as dear to Wheeler's heart as the fight for isolationism, or in the battle for the strict maintenance of established constitutional forms—for example, the Supreme Court—which is with Wheeler a fetish.

In short, the tie which binds these two men together is so tenuous and so ephemeral—on the surface, I mean—that, unless there is a continuing bond of mutual interest, each is likely soon to find himself losing his taste for association with the other.

The fact that some such eventuality has not already occurred is a source of continuing wonder to those who know the records of the two men. Weeks have lengthened into months and months into years since Charles Lindbergh startled the nation with his radio bugle call. Burt Wheeler was one of the first to join him in the fight for isolationism. And they are still together!

Why should this miracle be?

Well, the answer which Washington observers give is that one of them or each of them wishes to be President —which is where we came in.

It is possible, of course, that the objective is less definite than that. But, in any case, the conclusion is wellnigh inevitable that, since the two men have so little in common, it would be almost "ag'in' Natur' " for them to have remained allies so long unless, as an outgrowth of the initial situation,

IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF

There's no other pointer like him. He can't be duplicated. He is a champion . . . one of a kind.

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

The smoothness Fleischmann's Gin gives your drinks is an entirely new experience . . . because it cannot be duplicated by anybody anywhere in the world.

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks

Distilled from American grain—90 proof

11½" x 8" full color print of above dog painting, without advertising, sent for 10¢. Write Box HH
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

there had emerged some such plan for future mutual benefit.

Suppose, then, for the sake of argument, we assume that they are already working together, perhaps still unconsciously, on this plan, and that the pot of gold at the end of the political rainbow is the White House.

Whose shall it be when the time of reaction comes—Wheeler's or Lindbergh's?

Suppose further, still for the sake of argument, that they have agreed upon this point between themselves and have agreed also to stick together as a political team to attain the prize for one or the other.

How will the ticket read? Will it be Wheeler and Lindbergh or Lindbergh and Wheeler?

Opinion in Washington political circles is divided on these points. In Liberty last week I outlined—without, however, accepting their views—the opinions and predictions of that group of professional Washington observers who see in this curious alliance a political plan to lift Burton K. Wheeler to the Presidency. Those wiseacres dismiss the possibility that these two ardent isolationists have joined forces simply to advance a cause in which they both believe.

Especially in the case of the politically experienced Wheeler, they insist that there must be a political objective that he hopes to gain by taking advantage of a personal dislike, which he seems to share with Lindbergh, of the present occupant of the White House.

According to this picture, the Senator from Montana is coasting to a final battle between himself and the New Deal boss in the Presidential election of 1944, and meanwhile is getting himself into condition doing the Lindy Hop in a swing around the squared circle at the expense of the America First Committee.

It will be a great fight, these experts say, between Battling Burt and Fireside Frank. And they advise us, not without reason, to get down our bets while we have anything left to bet, because if Roosevelt has his way and we can believe Wheeler, we're not going to have anything long, and if Wheeler has his way and we can believe Roosevelt, we haven't anything now!

☆ AND what does Lindbergh stand to gain in such a set-up? Perhaps considerable.

If he is sincere in his belief that the country should be protected from the rule of interventionists—and I am quite willing to think that he is—and if the accomplishment of that protection is the main objective of his sudden invasion of the American political scene, he could rest as comfortably with Burt Wheeler in the White House as if he were there himself. More comfortably, perhaps.

If in the background of his mind there also lies a secret desire to avenge himself on the country in which he was excoriated by a large portion of the press after his acceptance of that Hitler medal, he could be sure that Burt Wheeler would be no more likely to go to England's rescue in an emergency than he would himself. The Senator's references to the British Empire as "a bankrupt concern" should satisfy even the most bitter Anglophobe, and his insistence on a negotiated rather than a victorious peace with the dictators should be satisfactory to every apostle of defeatism.

"If the British Isles are our first line of defense," thunders the Senator, "wouldn't it be sensible to bring about a peace that would save the British fleet?"

Just how he proposes to bring that kind of peace about, with Hitler undefeated, he doesn't say.

But, whether the Senator's methods of saving us from war are practical or not, they are at least the same as the former colonel's and should be satisfactory to him on both counts: American isolation in general and anti-Britishness in particular.

All of which is said on the assumption that Lindbergh doesn't really want to be President. Whether this is a safe assumption, no one, except possibly Lindbergh himself, can know. But it is safe to assume that he will not be carried away by a fickle public's continuing enthusiasm for the Lindy legend into believing that it would continue to support him in a politician's role.

☆ POPULARITY is no new experience to Lindbergh. He has seen it come and, in some quarters, go. The clamorous adulation of the throng, if he ever cared for it except as a business proposition, must now be boresome to his ears.

In his work for air-transport corporations, which has contributed so greatly to his personal fortune, he has been content to serve as "technical adviser"; he hasn't tried to run the lines. By the same token, he is more interested, I think, in telling other politicians what to do than in doing political things himself. And very wise he will be if he sticks to this choice of his.

Dealing with the public has always been Lindy's poison. It is Burt Wheeler's meat. At the moment, Lindbergh draws bigger houses, but Wheeler arouses greater enthusiasm. Lindbergh's long, carefully written compositions are for the library rather than the platform. Appealing as he undoubtedly is, with his boyish face and still youthful figure, and with the halo of a legend on his thinning locks, he never succeeds in establishing that telepathic connection between the stage and the audience without which there is no show.

Wheeler's folksy ways, his cracks out of the old cracker barrel, his rages and, above all, his ability to smile through them—all of these qualities get over to his audiences one hundred per cent. He seldom bothers to give arguments in defense of his position. He just blames Wall Street—whatever that is. "F. D. R. and Wall Street," he says in effect, "are trying to maneuver us into war."

That's what Burt tells 'em—and it goes big, especially with audiences that don't realize that when street-corner apple-vending became obsolete most Wall Streeters had to go on Home Relief!

Naturally, a smart man like Burt Wheeler knows that there *are* arguments against getting into war. Good ones, too. But Burt is an old hand. The people who come to his meetings don't want arguments. They want a show. And he gives it to them—plus. Next to F. D. R., he's the best showman in the business. Remember how he used to put a vacant chair on the stage and talk to it as if it were Coolidge?

☆ THESE qualities have taken Burt Wheeler a long way along the political road. He is relying on them to take him to the White House. And although it is always possible that Lindbergh may, at the last moment, muscle in on Wheeler's plans for 1944, the wise boys of Washington don't think so.

It takes a lot of patience to get oneself elected President of the United States—more patience, perhaps, with democratic institutions and processes than Lindbergh has ever shown.

Wheeler, for all his fire-eating on the stump, is very patient and very practical. He is tough but wily. He has grown up in a hard-bitten, hard-fisted political school. He believes in Burt but keeps his powder dry. His little machine out in Montana is just about as tight as Indiana McNutt's, and about as free from amateurism.

Even Doctor Roosevelt, in his attempt to give Congress the purgative works, didn't take a chance on even a mild dose, if I remember rightly, for Patient Wheeler in the Montana ward.

Taking all these matters into consideration, it would seem extremely unlikely that Wheeler would yield first place on any isolationist ticket for 1944 to a political beginner of the Lindbergh type.

As for his accepting second place on any ticket, the chances of that are even more remote. Burt tried that second-fiddle stuff once with Bob La Follette's dad way back in 1924, and what did it get him? Burt's a big boy now. He's the headliner, or he doesn't play the date. He's waited long enough.

It's a gamble, of course, putting everything he has "on the nose." But Burt Wheeler is that kind of gambler. It was a poker game, in which two mining-town card sharks stripped him of his last fifty bucks, that started the distinguished Senator from Montana on the road to fame.

And that, as we shall see, *is* a story!

How can that have happened—and does the Senator ever take a hand at poker nowadays? Of what four-star movie's hero was he the real-life original? What is his ancestral background, and can it have anything to do with his isolationism? And where, when he was fighting his way upward, was his present co-worker who is so unlike him—Charles Lindbergh? On all this and more Mr. Collins will throw revealing light next week.

CAMP MORALE—WHAT GOES ON?—Continued from Page 15

Ulio said that it is being considered.

Now, outside the camps—in the towns.

Here the situation is complicated by a very cogent fact. The army has no jurisdiction whatever over civilian behavior or affairs outside the limits of the post reservation. It cannot guide the morals or the manners of local citizens. And the situation in this regard is an altogether unhappy one.

In the great majority of Southern camps there is literally no decent entertainment for the men once they have left the reservation in the hope that they may, for a little while, forget army routine, chat with nice people, and tell amiable yarns and boast of the way things are done back home. These are the soldier's simple pleasures, and he cannot find them.

It is, basically, because the surrounding towns are too small, totally unprepared to give hospitality to thousands and thousands of strange young men.

It is true that the army has established recreation areas in the vicinity of certain posts on the Gulf Coast. Over each week-end perhaps 6,000 men may have a lot of fun, and cheaply—out of a soldier population of more than 500,000!

Similar recreation camps at inland points have been authorized. These, and others like them which later may be authorized and built, will give week-end relaxation to men within a radius of 150 to 250 miles—though there is no provision at present to relieve the lucky men selected of railroad or other transportation costs from their home stations to the holiday grounds.

It is true also that girls for dances are brought in at regular intervals. They strive valiantly to dance with as many men as possible, but the number of soldiers who may dance on a given night is pitifully few. Then good people invite the men to Sunday dinners. But the 800 who went into Columbia, South Carolina, last Sunday left not much of a vacancy in the population of 25,000 men at Fort Jackson.

☆ AND for the rest?

The Southern camps have attracted a gathering of prostitutes, lush workers, gyp carnivals, shady night clubs, gamblers, and bootleggers which would put a gold rush or an oil boom to mortal shame. Their single purpose, of course, is to play upon the boredom of the soldiers and thereby relieve them of their monthly pay checks.

I have given a glimpse of the temptation which is held out to the 50,000 boys of Fort Benning. At Camp Blanding, the situation is certainly as bad. The little town of Starke has swelled to twice its normal size and the newcomers are of the order of simple thieves—for the great part, at any rate. On last payday there a fly-by-night joint dosed the beer of all its soldier guests, knocked them unconscious, and rolled them for every cent they had.

It does not need great imagination to picture the scenes at Camp Polk, seventy-five miles from Alexandria, Louisiana, which has a population of 17,000; at Camp Roberts on the West Coast, with San Miguel (500) the only near-by town; Fort Knox, with 40,000 troops and the nearest town boasting 1,000 population nearly thirteen miles away.

In such isolated spots the trailer girls have their pitches. And their agents are competent at giving directions for finding them. The Seventy-seventh Congress has given windy and ponderous consideration to the trailer problem—those plush-and-satin bagnios which can be whisked away at the first sign of danger. HR 2475 makes it unlawful for a woman to receive any person or guest in any vehicle, conveyance, etc., etc.—and HR 2475 sleeps comfortably on the House table.

☆ IN the Pacific Northwest the process of licensing bordellos is still followed, with regular medical examinations and the rest. Perhaps this accounts for the relatively low incidence of venereal disease in camps located there. But it must be said, by way of a cheerful interjection, that the rate of such disease in the army is not high. Not as high, I believe, as it would be in civil life. Which is due, no doubt, to the strict regulations governing prophylaxis and the severe penalties for negligence in this respect.

But the professional parasites are not the only folk who prey upon the soldier's meager pay. In countless small towns near camps, rackets and chiseling are the rule: dubious benefits, jacked-up bus fares; and two prices, one for uniforms and one for other folk. This habit reached a ludicrous pitch at San Luis Obispo, California, where a café owner charged ten cents for coffee when the customer wore soldier clothes. The boys solved that one. A troop of them marched in, occupied every seat, ordered coffee, and just sat there.

In the hours that went by, the civilian customers of the place dropped in and waited and dropped out again, until the owner was in despair. He capitulated. Soldiers get nickel coffee there now.

On the other hand, towns which have watched cantonments grow up overnight on their outskirts have serious problems of their own. Officers and noncoms have brought their families in to overload dangerously the schools and hospitals, the sanitation and water systems. A bill is before Congress now to appropriate $150,000,000 for relief of such towns by the building of new public works. Mr. McNutt calls this a drop in the bucket. "The Federal Security Administration alone knows of immediate need for $271,900,000 to provide relief for such overburdened communities."

What is to be done then? you ask.

The nearest approach to an answer seems to be the United Service Organizations. It is a union of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the National Travelers Association. A group of distinguished welfare workers is at the head of U. S. O., and their aims may be stated succinctly:

1. To provide decent recreation off the reservation for men of the army.

2. To form local committees of citizens to prevent soldiers from being victimized or robbed.

3. To operate about 350 service centers in towns adjoining camps: buildings in which soldiers may find low-cost amusements and games and thus be drawn away from the more sinister sports of gyp joint and trailer.

☆ IT must be admitted that the program is still pretty much on paper. The government must appropriate money for the buildings and for furnishings and equipment, which it is certain to do. U. S. O. must realize its campaign to collect $11,000,000 from the public to staff and operate these buildings, and this should present no great difficulty. A sound program of entertainment must be worked out so that the men will not get the notion that this is sissy stuff—so that they will not suffer the "our dear boys" approach which will send them away in droves. And they must be given the opportunity to *learn!*

For nearly every soldier believes now that he is not in for a year but for the duration. And his morale as a soldier depends to a vast extent upon his thoughts as to what will happen to him when he is out of uniform. Dr. Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins, has recognized this problem in fair terms:

"If we are to provide an expanded industry after the war, with trained personnel, the soldier's return to civil life must see his chances raised, not lowered, by his army experience."

The only sound efforts in this direction are being carried on now, in the quietest fashion, by the WPA. People of the WPA are holding classes, off the reservation and sometimes on it, in languages and technical subjects, and also, incidentally, in ballroom dancing—which the army thinks is rather foolish but which 1,800 men of Fort Benning thought was swell the day I saw them in a class.

It would be easy to say, with a shade of cynicism, that we are getting to the matter of morale with too little, and too late. But you know this country. Once we are stirred up by a few galling truths, we, in the current phrase, go to town. My job here has been to deal with certain of those truths. They should not, certainly, cause either dismay or bitterness or anger. They should cause us to haul off and set wrong things right. Which can be done with energy and intelligence in recognition of the problem.

THE END

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

life, frequently came up to break many an innocent heart.

Back in 1906 Edna Kahley met and fell in love with a young Texas pioneer, Sam Gladney. He took her to the Lone Star State, won a place for himself with his flour mill, lost his money in business, then the two lost their little baby. Just as a comeback was around the corner, Sam died. Meanwhile his wife had taken up her crusade for homeless children, and she carried on the battle alone. In brief, as the Hollywood slogan writer puts it, Mrs. Gladney fell in love with 2,000 babies.

Here, then, is a simple, true-life story of a woman with a purpose, with the picturesque background of the early 1900s, when America was still living its placid, provincial, isolated life far from international machinations. Greer Garson plays Edna Gladney and makes her vital, sincere, and poignant. This Garson is one of Hollywood's ablest actresses. Walter Pidgeon, so good in the recent Man Hunt, isn't at his best as Sam Gladney, but Marsha Hunt makes real her bit as Edna's adopted sister. Felix Bressart does a kindly country doctor, and there is a glorious three-year-old, Pat Barker, as a little orphan waif of the home for children.

Miss Garson is the Irish actress who scored in Goodbye, Mr. Chips and in Pride and Prejudice. She went to the University of London, intended to teach, turned to advertising, switched to acting.

A baby film has its studio problems. Children under six months can work only thirty seconds under the powerful studio lights, so youngsters were used in shifts. Odd situations: Fay Holden, as Greer Garson's mother, ordered her own husband around—and got paid for it. She's Mrs. Dave Clyde in real life and he plays the butler.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ TIGHT SHOES

Here is celluloid of quite another flavor. It's a flip wise fable of Broadway by Damon Runyon, shrewd and able historian of this tiny section of our national life. A slender fable it is, of a mobster who drops in to buy a pair of new shoes, insists upon taking an ornate pair far too small for his hefty pedal extremities—and what comes of it. The gangster, playing a hunch, puts a lot of dough—heavy coin belonging to the top man—on a horse called Feet First, is cleaned, returns, sore, to the shoe store to insist that the clerk be fired. Then the jobless salesman goes berserk, breaks up a political rally designed to put over one "Honest John" Beebe, lands in the front pages, suddenly becomes a headline figure himself, goes on to a crusading election success. All because of the mobster's $32.50 tight shoes.

The humor of Runyon's story grows out of his rowdy, tangy slant upon the hard-boiled gentry of a big city. Damon knows his guys and molls. Broderick Crawford is superb as the foot-heavy, brain-heavy, bullying mug whose pinched toes upset a city's political machine. Binnie Barnes gives a flashing, brittle performance of his shrill show-girl idol. I thought John Howard none too good as the rebellious shoe clerk, even less of Anne Gwynne as his quick-lunch-counter girl.

Tight Shoes grows thin in spots, loses punch when it shifts away from Mr. Crawford's dense and baffled Speedy Miller toward the end.

The film had a midnight Broadway première, with such outstanding representatives of New York's Roaring Forties as Broadway Rose, Paddock Charlie, Harry the Horse, Cheesecake Ike, Izzy the Painter, Blackie Clink, and Chicago George as invited guests. I shudder to think what Cheesecake Ike, for instance, would have thought of Blossoms in the Dust, but, at that, I'm sure it would have moved Broadway Rose's heart. But they all cheered Mr. Runyon's story to the echo.

(Universal.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, A Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love.

★★★—Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra.

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☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, by A. J. Cronin.

From his best-selling story of the medical crusader in The Citadel, Cronin has turned, in his new novel, to the chronicle of Francis Chisholm, orphaned as a child by a tragic flare-up in the 1870s of Scottish sectarian antagonism, who labored as a missionary priest for forty years in the Chinese interior, not always to the approval of his less imaginative superiors. This'll be widely read; may be widely discussed.

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ SOUTH AMERICA tops the news at this summer's fur sales. Murray Cohen, trade expert and collector of rare pelts, has been giving me advance information. . . . Novelty of the season will be Tingona lamb coats of American broadtail, a smooth flattering fur from Argentina. Furs in light shades of beige and gray will be stylish generally; starlight fox and baby fisher for the costlier lines, lamb for the less expensive. Mink, sable, dyed muskrat, let-out raccoon, and leopard cat will have continued popularity. But padded shoulders are finished; coats to be simpler, more mannish. . . . With Europe blockaded, South American ladies now buy furs here. They want Persian lamb for day, ermine for evening. The wife of one South American diplomat keeps twenty-eight fur coats in storage, rotating their use. . . . This year a number of well dressed girls are ordering three coats of different lengths but in the same fur—saves money, they say, on other clothes and accessories, since everything matches. While all import of furs through Germany has stopped, Russian furs still come in on Japanese ships, often circling the world, a six-months journey. China sends us twenty-five per cent, shipped at terrific insurance rates. But our *meat* companies—Swift, Armour, etc. —bring us most of our furs, swapping beef, pork, and mutton for them with the trappers of Canada and our own wild lands. . . . In fur circles Murray Cohen is known as *Mr. Murray*. He once made an ermine bathing suit for a Broadway show girl.

☆ MR. MURRAY takes pride in his collection of freak furs. Among them his pet, his personal mascot, is the smallest silver fox on record—twenty-one inches long. His silver-fox giant measures thirty-nine inches, with a twenty-one-inch tail. He *might* sell the giant, but never the dwarf. Considers it lucky. . . . For a fee of twenty-five dollars you can have your furs tested by a fur chemist to see if they're doctored. Even dealers do this, fur fakes are so tricky. Fox may be bleached, painted; chinchilla may be treated with bluing. *Sables are sometimes smoked like hams!*

☆ AN Arkansas girl writes: "I saw a newspaper piece about getting a boy to propose. It said, let him think you are going away because there's no chance for a girl in your home town. So I tried it, but look what happened. My boy friend said:

" 'Gee, I guess you're right. Around here there's no chance for me, either.' He went right off and took a job in Texas, three hundred miles away. Now I've got to follow him and start all over."

☆ NOT since miniature golf petered out has there been a wayfarers' sport to compare with this year's fad for roadside archery ranges. A good many are run as summer-finance projects by girls from such colleges as Smith or Vassar, where archery flourishes. They let you shoot fifteen arrows for a quarter. Swell exercise to develop a pretty back and boozum. Famous beauties

Now shaving comfort's in the bag—
No smart or burn — no pull or drag!
Try Thin Gillettes—a dime for four—
They save you money, time and more!

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Pack, 12 For 27¢

"As soon as you've finished there, would you help me across the street?"

who bend an accomplished bow include lovely blonde Jean Rogers and Philadelphia society stunner Josephine Caldwell, both in demand at the John Robert Powers Model Agency.

☆ THOUGH ingratitude shocks us, *gratitude* also has its dumfounding moments. I know a kind-hearted widow of proud family connections who fed a sad dusty junkman whenever he called at her back door to ask if she had anything to sell. She rarely did, but he looked so poor she always invited him in for a snack. She's a fine cook. Came the day he appeared at her front door, in dignified garb, carrying a gold-headed cane.

"I'm not buying," he said. "This time I'm a marriage broker. I have a gentleman client to old to bother you, and he's got one hundred twenty-eight thousand in the bank. I give you first chance at him. A real lady like you—and such good cooking!—deserves to be rich." . . . She declined with a gasp, followed by a glow of pleasure at the sincere tribute.

☆ FROSTY, creamy, yet stimulating, this *Turkish Coffee Frappé* hits the spot as an ideal dessert for a party dinner in hot weather. Recipe to serve siv: . . . Make 3 cups coffee strong and black as sin (2 tablespoons to the cup). Add ¼ cup sugar, 3 lightly beaten eggs, and 1 cup milk with 1 teaspoon flour rubbed smooth in it.

Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture will coat a spoon. Remove from fire. Flavor with ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon. Chill 4 hours in refrigerator tray. Stir once or twice to prevent hard freezing. The consistency should be semi-frozen.

Just before serving add 1 cup of chilled whipped cream. Pour over cracked ice in tall glasses; stick a long-drink spoon in each glass; hand around with plain cake or cookies.

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

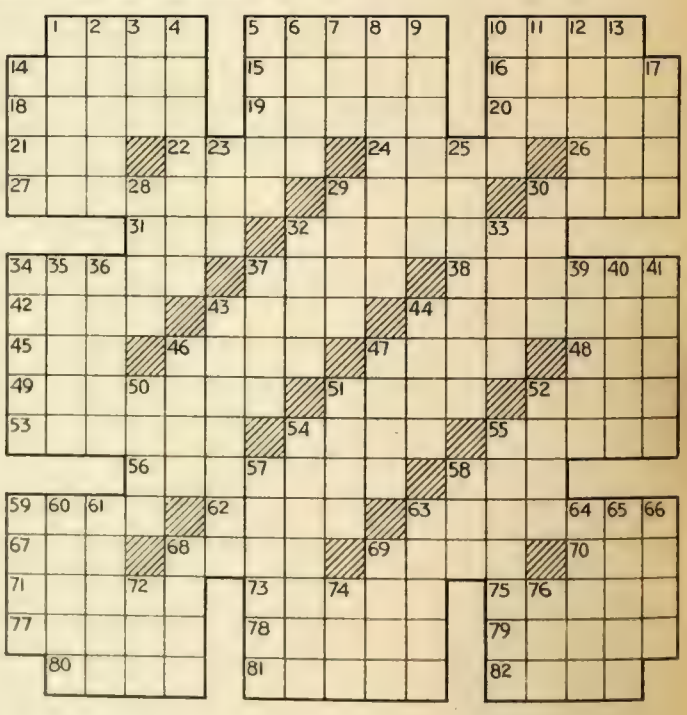
HORIZONTAL

1 Smell
5 Tree
10 Part of the head
14 Vibrant
15 Unaccompanied
16 Genus of plants
18 Contender
19 Rants
20 Shut out
21 Hail!
22 So be it
24 Deep mud
26 Commotion
27 Upbraided
29 Mineral vein
30 Beverage (pl.)
31 Seine
32 Acid obtained by certain fermentations
34 Young cod
37 Body of water
38 Excuse (pl.)
42 At that time
43 Fermented drink
44 Break one's word
45 Intent
46 Renown
47 Fruit of the cedar
48 Study
49 Ape
51 Bird of crow family (pl.)
52 Shuts in
53 Withdraw
54 Pose (pl.)
55 Thick
56 Inferior crown
58 Through
59 Part of a tree
62 Give forth
63 Threatening
67 Past
68 The same
69 Give up; relinquish
70 Open (poet.)
71 Raised money by underhand means
73 Work
75 Concise
77 Funeral oration
78 Musical study
79 Anxious
80 Unit of work (pl.)
81 Dogma
82 Proofreader's term

VERTICAL

1 Fruit
2 Sea duck
3 Architectural ornament (pl.)
4 Told
5 Was concerned
6 Spirit
7 Animal
8 Flower
9 Live
10 Wither
11 Generation
12 Intrigue
13 Escape
14 Street urchin
17 Greek god
23 Encountered
25 Gets back
28 Soon
29 Similar
30 Seed envelope
32 Weathercock
33 Plant of the lily family
34 Step
35 Agree with
36 Restore
37 Calcareous earth
39 Pennsylvania town
40 Separate article (pl.)
41 Wisdom
43 Wet
44 Pledges
46 Gambling game
47 Conveyance
50 Parasite
51 Deliberative convention
52 At this place
54 Enliven
55 Erases
57 Dish made of eggs
58 Cushion
59 Method of cooking food
60 Lively
61 Machinery
63 Cap part
64 Counterfeit
65 Reverse
66 Sly look
68 Date in ancient Roman calendar
69 System of signals
72 Incite
74 Kind of bread
76 Consume

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

40 ANSWERS by LEONARD LYONS

to his questions on page 23

1—Eleanor Roosevelt.

2—William Randolph Hearst. He now is writing the column called In the News.

3—(*a*) The Presidency of the United States; (*b*) Calvin Coolidge received one dollar a word for writing a daily column.

4—(*a*) Mencken's first name is Henry; (*b*) Phillips' is Harry; (*c*) "Bugs" Baer's is Arthur.

5—Dorothy Thompson.

6—F. P. A. His initials stand for Franklin Pierce Adams. His New York career began in 1904, in the Evening Mail.

7—Damon Runyon wrote Little Miss Marker, which made Shirley Temple famous.

8—Lucius Beebe. He was in the class of 1926 at Yale, was dismissed in his sophomore year, went to Harvard, where he received his degree. He then enrolled at the Harvard Graduate School but was dismissed.

9—Dorothy Dix.

10—Edgar Allan Poe. Walter Winchell told me.

11—Russel Crouse, co-author of Life with Father, wrote a column for the New York Evening Post. Damon Runyon was the co-author of A Slight Case of Murder. Ben Hecht, former Chicago columnist and now writing a column for PM, was co-author of The Front Page.

12—Dorothy Kilgallen.

13—Eleanor Roosevelt.

14—(*a*) Sidney Skolsky is the shortest columnist—barely reaching five feet; (*b*) Lucius Beebe is the tallest—he's over six feet three.

15—Not only is Eleanor Roosevelt a columnist but the President's daughter, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, writes a column for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Until recently Joe Alsop, who is related to the President, wrote with Bob Kintner a syndicated column from Washington. In June both he and Kintner volunteered for national service and were accepted. He is now in the Naval Reserve.

16—Will Rogers.

17—O. O. McIntyre.

18—Simeon Strunsky.

19—Jimmy Walker.

20—Jimmie Fidler, Louella Parsons, and Walter Winchell have appeared in the movies. So have Hedda Hopper, Damon Runyon, and Sidney Skolsky.

21—Louis Sobol, who writes New York Cavalcade for the Hearst newspapers.

22—Cholly Knickerbocker. His real name is Maury H. B. Paul.

23—Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, authors of Washington Merry-Go-Round, wrote a book about the Supreme Court called The Nine Old Men. They later were involved in a copyright action before the court.

24—Heywood Broun, first president of the Newspaper Guild.

25—Ben Hecht. In Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn paid him $6,000 a week. He now writes 1001 Afternoons in New York for the newspaper PM.

26—Bob Burns, Eddie Cantor, and Ken Murray. Walter O'Keefe also began writing a syndicated column a few years ago, but dropped it.

27—Charles B. Driscoll. He is the author of many books about pirates. He edited McIntyre's column until the latter's death, and then succeeded him as writer of the New York Day by Day column for McNaught Syndicate.

28—Fred Allen's real name is Sullivan.

29—Westbrook Pegler. In his first column as a commentator he wrote in support of the lynching of two men near San Jose, California.

30—Danton Walker of the Daily News.

31—Clare Boothe. In Kiss the Boys Goodbye, one of the leading characters, Madison Breed, was a columnist. In Margin for Error, Thomas S. Denny was a columnist.

32—General Hugh Johnson.

33—Mark Hellinger. He married Gladys Glad, who had won fame as Ziegfeld's most beautiful show girl.

34—Walter Lippmann.

35—Hedda Hopper. She was the fifth wife of De Wolf Hopper, who had six wives. She was a noted actress before she became a columnist.

36—Grantland Rice. His daughter, Florence Rice, is a movie star.

37—Walter Winchell singlehandedly delivered "Lepke" Buchalter into the hands of J. Edgar Hoover in August, 1939. A $25,000 reward had been offered for Lepke's capture. Winchell refused to accept it.

38—Lee Tracy, Jack Benny, and Lew Ayres.

39—Kitty Foyle. It was written by Christopher Morley, who once wrote a column called The Bowling Green for the New York Evening Post.

40—Leonard Lyons.

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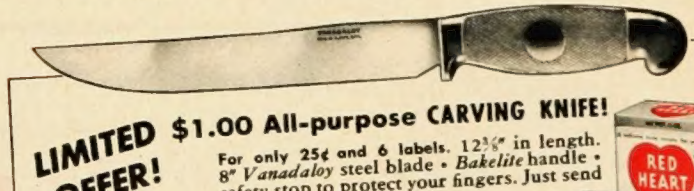

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THE LAST WORD: *The Case For and Against Union with Britain Now*

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FULTON OURSLER

SOME WEEKS AGO, as the guest of Mr. Stanley Resor of New York, I attended a dinner at the Yale Club and there heard Mr. Clarence K. Streit explain in detail his plan for an international government—what would be, in effect, a United States of the World. Naturally, Mr. Streit does not believe that such an undertaking is feasible in the midst of mad-dog war. He does believe, however, that a beginning may be made by an immediate melding of the United States of America with the British Empire.

WELL, MR. STREIT is a persuasive talker and he has impressed many persons with his ideas. A few days after the dinner I had a long talk with him. We explored the many natural objections that I felt loyal and patriotic Americans would raise to submerging the independence of our native land within the boundaries of a new superstate under some newly invented flag. Most of the objections Mr. Streit had already heard; for my caveats he had ready answers, not all of which I found satisfactory. To be entirely candid, I do not believe at all in Mr. Streit's scheme. Yet I do believe in the democratic process of full and free information and debate.

That is why you will find in Liberty next week an article, The Case For Union with Britain, by Clarence K. Streit; why also you will find in the issue immediately following, dated August 16, another article, The Case Against Union with Britain, by George E. Sokolsky. Surely this proposal needs an airing. Only a few weeks ago Representative Stephen A. Day, Republican, of Illinois, asked the House Committee Investigating Un-American Activities to inquire into Mr. Streit's movement. We believe that Liberty's readers can decide for themselves whether Union Now is an un-American activity after reading Mr. Streit's own case and Mr. Sokolsky's opposing statement.

THERE IS SUCH A THING AS a champion's heart. Jack Dempsey knows about that because Jack has one himself. Next week he tells in Liberty of one of our newest champions, Bob Feller, ballplayer who has won a special place for himself in a new generation of fans who trust their players and know that the game is square. Why Bob Feller Is a Champion, by Jack Dempsey, is a piece of baseball literature written by a champion about a champion and for the champion audience in the United States—which, my friends, as President Roosevelt might say, means you and you and you. There are many other stories and features that I am glad to recommend from our forthcoming table of contents, including Gags the Soldiers Always Tell, by Harry Hershfield; Portrait of a Man's Faith, by Bill Stern; two moving short stories, Funny Above the Ears, by Dunlea Hurley, and The Sound of Trumpets, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman; another exciting picture of Inside Germany Today, by Wythe Williams; What Is Leon Henderson Going to Do About Prices? by Walter Karig; a final piece on ambition by Professor Pitkin; and The Strip-Tease Industry, by George Jean Nathan—together with installments of Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh Work Together, Murder with Southern Hospitality, and Footsteps Behind Her. I hope you like it.

SALMAGUNDI: I wonder how many people realize that, in spite of all the help that is being given to Great Britain, the condition of many people there is pitiful. Behind the scenes of desolation in London and others of the bombed cities there are uncounted thousands of men, women, and children who have been bombed out of their homes. These people have nothing left but the clothes on their backs. I learn of one community which was almost completely wiped out in a recent night raid. Thus made homeless, twelve thousand men, women, and children are now living in pup tents or in shacks built of fallen timber. There are no central facilities and they depend for their food on traveling canteens. For many of the necessities of life these people and thousands like them are in desperate need. Bundles for Britain, Inc., is trying to meet this dire situation by collecting small emergency kits. You can help in this work. You can make—or have some one make for you—a small bag, either of the envelope or drawstring type. The bag should be about 5 by 10 inches, made from chintz, cotton, or other durable material. Two types are needed—one for men and one for women. If you are making an emergency kit for women, this is what should go into it: a cake of soap, hairpins or bobby pins, toothbrush, comb, cold cream, washcloth, Kleenex or any other good paper handkerchiefs, lipstick, powder, nail file, small scissors, small pad, pencil. A man's kit should contain: razor, razor blades, brushless shaving cream, styptic pencil, comb, toothbrush, nail file, paper handkerchiefs, washcloth, scissors, pad, pencil.

Most of these articles may be purchased at the 5-and-10-cent stores. If you want to help, then make and equip one of these bags. Put a tag on the outside indicating whether it is for a man or a woman. Put your personal card inside. Send complete kit to Bundles for Britain Warehouse, 112 West Eighty-ninth Street, New York City.

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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. . .

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

Spend this evening with the world's keenest detectives

Eddie Cantor REVEALS HIS FAVORITE DETECTIVE MYSTERY

Of all the crime mysteries that Eddie Cantor has known one interests him most of all. It happened while he was starring in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic." The victim, a wealthy sportsman, card player, and reputed Casanova had attended Cantor's show the night preceding his early morning violent death. For months the country was agog. And then—but read it yourself, "Eddie Cantor's Favorite Mystery," in True Detective for August. It will awaken old memories, may even shed new light upon a famous case about which you yourself have often wondered.

Another Great Pinkerton Case

THE WEALTHY WIDOW AND THE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE

Many people still remember the amazing mystery of Mrs. Josephine Barnaby, and its brilliant solution by the Pinkerton Detective Agency whose exploits since before the Civil War have gone down in history as epics of crime detection. Probably not one among the great series of Pinkerton cases which has attracted such a great following to True Detective has more to offer in the way of intense and gripping interest. By all means, read it today —"The Wealthy Widow and the Mysterious Package" in True Detective for August, out now.

Secret of the Hidden Grave

Endlessly you read the exploits of famous metropolitan detectives. But of the equally brilliant exploits of many lesser known, smaller town detectives you seldom hear. The manner in which Sheriff O. B. Nelson, of Benewah County, Idaho, solved the mystery of the victim in the hidden grave discovered over two years after the murder was committed will arouse the admiration of every lover of persistent, dogged, intelligent crime detection. But for True Detective you probably would never have had a chance to read it. It would be a pity to miss it—True Detective for August, out now.

OTHER ABSORBING FEATURES IN *True Detective* FOR AUGUST

He Threatened to Assassinate President Roosevelt • The Story Behind the Slaying of John Arena, Chicago Anti-Fascist Editor • The Trick of the Vanishing Bandit • Trapping New York's Berserk Killers • Gang Trap! • Murder Travels at Night • The Crime Hollywood Couldn't Believe • Clue of the Singing Wagon Wheel • Mystery of the Psychic Detective and many others.

True Detective *News*

ARMY LOOKOUT

(J. P.) NORTH CAROLINA—TDM sure helps us Army boys. In the Army come all sorts of men, especially now the draft bill is passed, and some of them are professional crooks, but reading TDM helps us to be on the lookout for card sharps and for men who would do harm to the U. S. Army. Hurry, and give us some more stories about crooked card games, because a lot of card playing is carried on here.

REAL CHANCE TO REFORM

(P. A.) INDIANA—I like your article on "Starr Commonwealth." Evidently here is one man who is trying to give boys a chance to get the right kind of a start in life. His work will be a living monument through all time to come, because good grows and grows just as surely as evil does. Surely it would cost our Government less to conduct a few such homes for our boys than the present cost of combating crime, and at the same time, give boys a chance to grow into normal, useful manhood, instead of filling our reformatories—because they have little chance of "reformation" at the average reformatory.

GOOD READING COMES TO LIGHT

(P. McD.) OREGON—Talk about crimes. This week I visited my uncle who lives in the country. In a back, upstairs room I found a huge, old-fashioned trunk. In it I discovered a crime. There were no concealed corpses, but there were issues of TDM, as far back as the first one issued as near as I can tell. If it isn't a crime to hide such good reading I don't know what is. My uncle has found that crime really doesn't pay because I brought every copy back to read, so it's his loss and my gain.

* * *

THE LINE-UP

Each month True Detective publishes pictures and descriptions of many desperate fugitives. Already 171 have been captured through this department. Already True Detective has paid out $17,100.00 in cash rewards to its readers for identifications. Read The Line-Up every month, watch out for fugitives and get your share of this money.

True Detective

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